



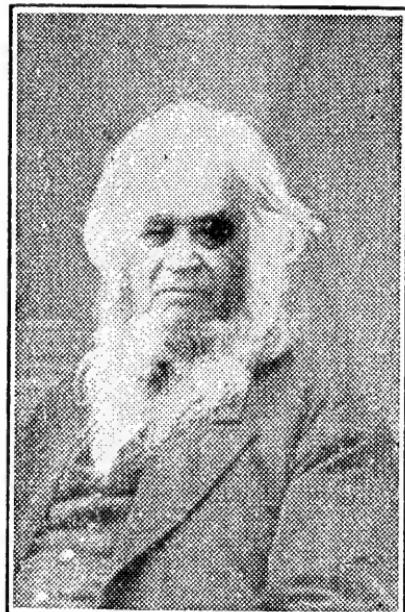
"RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SETTLER."



**STORIES OF KENT AND VICINITY IN
PIONEER TIMES.**



Written by Christian Cackler (Deceased), in 1874.



CHRISTIAN CACKLER.

REPUBLISHED BY THE KENT COURIER, 1904.

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“Recollections of an Old Settler.”

The question has often been asked, what this country looked like in early days. Inasmuch as I was one of the early settlers, I thought I would give you some idea of it. I came into this country, or into Hudson township, the 10th day of May, 1804. At that time this country was an unbroken wilderness, filled up with wild men and wild animals. Probably forty Indians to one white man. They were very friendly and peaceable. There were three tribes that inhabited this section of country—the Senecas, the Taways, the Chipeways. They appeared to live very friendly with each other as tribes. They had their hunting grounds all bounded, so that each tribe knew their bounds as well as you would know your farm. The Seneca Chief's name was John Bigson. He was, I should think, a little short of six feet tall, of a stout, muscular frame, and keen black eyes, and a well proportioned man; had a stern look, and what he said was law with his tribe. He scarcely ever smiled, and I think he was perfectly honest, and what he said he meant. If he promised you anything, you might be sure of it, and if any of the rest promised anything, they had to be as good as their word. And if you promised them anything, they looked for it with as much grace, and if you lied to them, they would never forget it.

The Taway Chief's name was Stig-nish. He was a very pleasant looking man, and honor and honesty was his

law, and he taught his people so. The Seneca Chief had his headquarters in Streetsboro, on land now owned by Samuel Olin, that was quarters on or near the Cuyahoga River. I have been there a great many times when they lived there, and if they had anything they could bestow upon you in the way of eatables, it was as free as the water. They thought it was a privilege to give, for they thought it was a token of friendship, and if they gave one, they gave all that were present. Their wigwam was about twenty-five feet long or more, and they had their fire through the middle, and had it so constructed as to leave room for a tier of them to lie down on each side of the fire, so as to have their feet to the fire, for they lay on their skins and furs, and covered over with their blankets. They had a space left open on the ridge of their camp to let the smoke pass out. They had their wigwam thatched with bark, so that it was tight and warm, and had a door in each end, so that they could haul in their wood without much chopping. They lay there as warm and comfortable as a man in his palace. The Seneca Chief used to gather in all his family connections and lay there through the winter. And they would kill their meat before the hardest weather commenced, so they would not be compelled to go out in bad weather to get their living. In the Spring they would scatter out over their hunting grounds,

each family by themselves, and build their wigwams for the summer. There were all sorts of game all around them, and the Indians were almost as an animal amongst animals. They did not shoot one of them unless they got close to them, so as to make sure work of it. They were as careful of their game as we are of our cattle; they would kill nothing unless wanted for present use. The Indian was placed in the happiest condition of any race of people that I ever saw. The God of nature had provided everything that the heart could wish for. They had nothing to vex or perplex, or to disturb the mind. They gave no thought for the morrow, but let every day provide for itself. They had no government expenses, no taxes to pay, no jails to build, no locks to buy to secure their property, which was always secure, if they put it out of reach of the dogs and wolves. They meant to make honor and honesty their rule of life, and when they left their camps, they set up sticks as a signal that there was nobody at home, and everything was secure. I think the Indian is the happiest man in the world, in the wilderness. He can get up, kill and slay the fattest of the land, and lie down and take his ease, and no one to molest or to make him afraid. I have often inquired why it is, that the man of the forest is so much more honest than the civilized and christianized world. I never knew that they had any language of their own to swear or blaspheme in, at least not till the whites taught them, and when they got so as to repeat the oaths, they would tickle and laugh, and thought it

was something very nice or cunning. The Indian is peculiar in his customs and habits. He will live on meat entirely. He will eat all kinds of animals and fish, and horses, or anything that a dog will eat, and sometimes I have thought what a dog would not eat. In the summer they greased themselves where their clothing does not cover their skin, so as to prevent gnats and mosquitos from biting them, and often paint their faces in streaks. That denotes peace and friendship. They love whiskey, and get drunk often.

I attended one of their drunken scrapes, in Hudson, at Heman Oviatt's, who kept a little Indian store, to trade with them, to get their skins and furs, and kept whisky. It was the Taway tribe; there were about fifteen or eighteen of them. They got their whisky, and had a deer skin suit made like a little boy's suit, all whole, but open before so they could stick their legs and arms in, and tied up before, and had it fringed all around the sleeves and legs. The fringe was about three inches long. On these fringes they had claws of several different kinds, deer, bear, turkey, coon, and a great variety of other claws. They were almost covered over with claws. One of them would put on the suit and get on the floor to dance. Two others would pat and hum so as to keep time. The one that was dancing would jump, hop and kick around over the floor. It appeared that the more he could make these claws rattle the better the dance. The rattling of the claws appeared to be the object of his dance, and when he got tired he

would take a drink, and another put it on. He would try his activity, and another, and another, until they got so drunk they could not perform. But when they got perfectly drunk with that sat on, the claws rattling looked more like the devil than anything I ever saw. He would have made a Santa Claus in good earnest. They kept it up almost two days. But before they commenced, they gave up their knives, guns, and tomahawks, to the squaws, who would keep sober, until the Indians got sober, when they returned the implements to the Indians, and then the squaws went into it and got as drunk as could be, and tumbled around on the ground, and did not appear to have any pride or shame about them. There were two that kept sober to take care of the papooses, while the others had their frolic. But after they got through, they looked as though they had lost their best friends. They had their papooses tied on a board, and had them standing up against the house or fence. You did not hear a whimper from them scarcely ever. And when they are traveling, they hang a board on their backs, with the papooses strapped to it, and with a strap across their forehead, the papoose stands there looking back. And when they come to a house they set them up outside of the door until they get ready to go again. They never bring them into a house unless it is cold weather. They strap their young ones on a board for the purpose of making them straight. You never saw an Indian but who was as straight as a string. Oviatt made himself rich out of those Indians, with

whisky, and a few other Indian trinkets, and when he got all he could out of them, he cried out, "vanity, vanity, and vexation of spirit," for whisky is the root of all evil.

The Indians were a peculiar people in their notions. In June, 1806, when the total eclipse occurred, they did not know anything of it until it began to be dark. They became very much frightened, and thought the Bad Spirit had gone to war with the Good Spirit. They formed themselves in a line of battle, and commenced firing at the Bad Spirit, and as the glimpse of the sun came out on the opposite side, one of them fired, and he gained the victory, and they made him Chief, or so it was said.

The Seneca Chief lost his wife or squaw in Streetsboro, at their camp, where they made their headquarters, near the river, on Samuel Olin's farm, in the Summer of 1809. She was a large, stout woman, and very good looking for an Indian Squaw; I should think between fifty and sixty years old. They are a proud people in their way. They had a calico frock made, which was ruffled up nicely, and almost covered up with silver brooches and large silver bands around her wrists and ankles. They dug a grave about three feet deep, and put a bark on the bottom and on each side, and rolled her up in a blanket and laid her in, and put a bark on the top over all but her face, and that was so arranged that when she was covered up with dirt there was a hole left so that she could see out, when she should rise again at some future period. They believe that a man ought

to be good and honest, and that a man who will lie, steal, and cheat, ought not to live. When they are your friend, they are a friend indeed; but as enemies, they know no mercy. They believe in punishing the wicked for their evil deeds.

DESCRIPTION OF ANIMALS, ETC.

This used to be one of the greatest counties in the world for a great variety of game. There were the Elk, Deer, Bear, Wolf, Panther, Wild Cat, Otter, Beaver, Wollynigs, Porcupine, Raccoon, and a great variety of small animals. Of the feathered flock, there were Swans, Geese, Ducks, Turkeys, Bald Eagles, Gray Eagles, Ravens, Buzzards, Crows, Owls, and a great variety of small birds, that used to make the forest ring with their sweet songs, as one happy family of the forest. And where are they now? The white man has thrown death and destruction among them, and they have all disappeared and gone to return no more forever. There was the Indian that was placed in the forest with his happy family of beasts and birds; he was placed in the happiest situation of any human being, for he had everything that human heart could wish for; everything was plenty and easily gotten, and he lived according to the counsel that was given of old: "Give no thought of the morrow, but let every day provide for itself." For there was all sorts of game playing around that was for their use, and all the ponds, rivers and brooks filled with fish, and all the feathered flocks that used to live here: and there were the great forests that were filled with bees

and honey in great quantities, and all sorts of wild fruits, such as whortleberries, blackberries, cranberries, black-haws, chestnuts, hickorynuts, butter-nuts, etc. Can a man be placed in a pleasanter situation in this life?

The Indian has not the selfish and covetous disposition of the white man. He does not want to lay up riches to make him trouble in this world, but to take all the comfort he can in this life, and I think if honor and honesty constitute good men, they had it. The Indian has gone, with all his forest flocks, to return no more. They have been driven from their homes, their country, and their enjoyments of life, and to leave their father's and mother's graves, where they had been raised and so fondly dandled on their knees. And for what? Merely to gratify and make room for a covetous and craving disposition that can never be satisfied: like Alexander of old, when he had conquered the whole world, he sat down and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

I will now give you a short history of the animals of the forest. The buffalo disappeared about a century ago. The elk stayed here until about 1814. They are peculiar creatures in some respects. They are larger than the deer, but seem to be of the same species. They have large horns, which drop off every year, in the month of December, or when the weather gets very cold. I think they freeze off, for when freezing cold weather begins the horn will begin to crack around close to the head, where the heat of the animal and the cold meet,

and will keep cracking for two or three weeks before it drops off, then heals over, and in the Spring, when warm weather begins, the horn begins to grow again, with a skin over it, and it is soft. In August the horns get their growth and perfect shape. They then rub off the skin or velvet, as we used to call it. They then lay in the sun and dry their horns until they become hard. The deer pursues the same course with its horns.

I helped to run out the township of Dover, west of Rocky River, bordering on the lake. We surveyed it in 1810. At that time there were a great many elk in that township. We used to start them almost every day. They run in large herds, like deer, only the old bucks, they keep in flocks by themselves until November, then they mingle in with the rest. They have their fawns in June, and when they are young they are spotted all over with white, and while they have the spots on there is nothing that can follow their tracks by scent. They do not leave any scent until the spots come off. They hide their fawns when they are young, and suckle them twice a day. I have seen elk horns that were over three and a half feet long and full of prongs, and I should think would weigh six pounds each. A dog cannot do anything with them, nor can a wolf. They will strike with their feet almost as hard as a horse will kick. They will knock a dog almost in pieces in a very few minutes, especially if there are two or more together.

The deer is smaller, but I think can run the faster of the two. The panther

is a hard customer. He is the master animal that roams the forest, except the bear. It is said he is the master of the forest. It is not worth while to give you a history of the panther, because you have seen them in the shows. They are the same animal in the forest. They are of the cat kind, very sly and secret. They often catch deer by getting up on some leaning tree, or one that hangs over a path where the deer travel, and jump down on them, and if they once get hold of them they are a sure prey. My brother-in-law killed one of them in Boston, town 3, in the 11th range of townships, and he and I used to go together to a lick where they used to come to suck, and to kill the deer in the Summer. There we fixed a blind to sit behind, so as to shoot them when they came there to suck in the evening. One evening my brother-in-law went there alone until dark, when he heard something coming up a hollow towards him, stepping very carefully, and when it got within eight or ten rods of him it stopped for some time, and then changed his course up around him. Stepping very carefully, he could hear him walk in the dry leaves. He could not imagine what it could be. He had a big dog with him, and the dog would partly get up and growl, which he was not accustomed to do when there was deer about. He would pat him on the head and make him lie down and be still. But the dog was not easily quieted, and still he could hear the stepping and working up around him, and the dog got so uneasy, and he thought it did not step like a deer, so he let the dog go, and when

the dog got near it, he heard something running up a tree, and making a wonderful scratching and tearing. He went up to the tree and built a big fire, and thought he would keep it up until morning. He thought it must be a bear. He kept up a good fire, and about one hour before daylight he heard it coming down the tree on the opposite side from the fire, and when it got fifteen or sixteen feet from the ground it jumped off and ran, but the dog soon ran it up another tree, and kept barking so it dare not come down. They kept it up until morning, when he saw what it was. He drew up his rifle and thought he would shoot it through the head, and make sure work of it. When the gun cracked, down it came, and the dog jumped on it, but the panther soon tore him so he was glad to let go of it, and up the tree it went again about twenty feet, and got on a limb and got very sick. He went to load his rifle again, but had no bullet with him. He did not know what to do, but he put in his powder and tow, and whittled out plugs of wood, and fired at it. One of them happened to hit it right, and down it came, and he and the dog dispatched it. It was a big male one. His skin was about eight feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and had monstrous claws. It was in the Summer of 1805 or 1806 that it took place.

I think it was in 1807, my brother and myself went out bee hunting about the first of March. There came a warm day, and the bees in the woods used to fly out and fall on the snow, so we used to

find bee-trees in that way. We came to a big tree that was scratched up very much by bears. We concluded that there must be some bears in it. There was a big hole about fifty feet up the tree. We went home and got my father and brother-in-law, Daily, and some dogs, guns and axes to cut down the tree with.

Daily and my oldest brother placed themselves on each side of the tree where the hole would be when the tree fell. When the tree fell it split all to pieces, and out tumbled a big bear. He had lain so long in the tree he could not run much. The dogs jumped on him, and he soon got one of them down, and was about killing him, when Daily shot him through, which made him more savage, and my brother shot him through the head and that stopped his career. We went back to his nest where we found three cubs about the size of black squirrels. They have very little young ones for so large animals. They hole up in December, and have their cubs in February, and lay there until warm weather comes before they bring them out, when the herbage begins to grow. Then they begin to feed and give milk for their young. They never have more than three cubs at a time, or I never saw any more together. They run with their cubs about fifteen months, then they separate, and you never find two together after that unless it is in August in running time. The bear is the most singular animal that roams the forest. I think they breed only every other year, for I have killed quite a number, and never found one

that had any appearance of young ones about them while running with their cubs, and they never leave them until they are a year old, and the cubs will weigh from eighty to one hundred pounds; and then they scatter, and each one takes his own course.

The otter is a water animal and is larger than the coon; lives on fish, clams, crabs and other things that he gathers out of the water. He is of a dark brown color, and is a very strong animal for his size. They have tremendous teeth. There is no one dog that can kill one of them.

The beaver is a larger animal than the otter, and is a lighter color, and a very strong animal for its size. They have large teeth, about one inch broad, and very sharp, and strong in their jaws, and will cut down a tree in a little while. They will cut heavier chips than a two-inch anger can. They will gnaw right round the tree until it falls. They cut their logs from four to five feet long, and then roll them into the water to build their dams. They dig ditches across the bottom of a stream, when they place their timbers in a position about half way between an upright and horizontal, or an angle of forty-five degrees, with one end down in the ditch, and then carry in their dirt and gravel. I tore up one of their dams on my farm, across Tinker's Creek, and I found it built so then, and there were some logs as sound apparently as if they had not been there ten years—those that were covered up in the ground, one cherry log that was ten inches through. I split it up and

found it perfectly sound, and I presume it lay there a century or more. The bank on each side of the stream is now three feet higher than the level of the ground.

The woolynig is an animal about a size larger than the wildcat, not as long in the legs, but heavier and stockier built. They are of a darker color. They have large whiskers on each side of their heads. They look savage, and are as savage as they look. They are the hardest customers that roam the forest, according to their size. The wildcat is still smaller than the woolynig. He is about as large as a small sized dog but of longer legs in proportion to his body. He is very fond of the feathered flocks, such as geese, ducks, chickens, pigs, lambs and sometimes kills smallish deers, etc.

There are two other animals worthy of note for their peculiarities. There is the opossum and porcupine. The porcupine is a little larger than the coon, and stockier built and very clumsy. They have no defense but their quills. They are covered all over with these quills, and if anything approaches them they stick their heads down so that nothing can touch them without getting full of their quills, which are as sharp as needles, and have beards on them. There is no getting rid of them. If a dog took hold of them, his mouth would look like a broom, and if they were not pulled out they would work through and come out on the opposite side in time, and kill him.

The opossum has no defense to make. He lies down and pretends to be dead.

You may kick him and knock him around and he will not defend himself, but lie curled up and pretend to be dead. There is some peculiarity about them. They have a pocket in their belly or rather outside of it where they carry their young. I have seen as many as eight in one of these pockets at one time.

FIRST EXECUTION IN THE COUNTY.

The first judges after the organization of Portage county, in 1808, were Amzi Atwater, of Mantua, Samuel Forward, of Aurora, and Aaron Norton, of Hudson (afterwards of Middlebury, of the firm of Hart & Co.) The first county clerk was William Wetmore, of Stow township; and I think John Campbell, of Campbellsport, was elected sheriff. The first court that was organized in the county was held at the dwelling house of Robert Eaton, about two miles east of the village of Ravenna; and the first person executed in the county was Henry Aunghst, in November, 1816, for the willful murder of Epaphras Matthews, on the 20th of August, 1814. He was condemned upon circumstantial evidence. It was Asa K. Burroughs, as sheriff, who executed him. On the day of the execution he was led up on the scaffold by the sheriff, and Timothy Bigelow, of Palmyra, who was a Universalist preacher, preached a short sermon on the scaffold, his text being "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It was the first Universalist sermon that I had ever heard preached, and I have never forgotten the text. Universalism was looked upon in those days as being outside of the Christian

churches, but Aunghst (or Unks) heard the sermon through, and then made a prayer in Dutch, and acknowledged his guilt of the crime a few minutes before he swung off. Matthews, the murdered man, I think was a son-in-law of a man living in Ravenna at the time, by the name of Fuller. Matthews was coming from the east with a one horse pedlar's wagon, and came through Pittsburg, and Aunghst (or Unks) fell in company with him there, and they came together to within a mile and a half of Ravenna, when he killed Matthews, and carried him about ten rods into the woods, and unharnessed his horse and let him run, and then drew his wagon into the woods, came to the village and got dinner at David Greer's, and then disappeared, no one knowing where. In about ten days after, the murdered man was found by way of the crows and buzzards that had collected around his remains. When they found the body, the question was, how came he there? and who killed him? and where the murderer was, no man knew.

Robert Eaton, who lived two miles east of Ravenna, and Lewis Ely, brother-in-law of John Campbell, of Campbellsport, were appointed to ferret out the perpetrator.

They took the back track as they supposed, towards Pittsburg, and found at different places where two men had staid over night with a pedlar's wagon. They got some description of the men and went on to Pittsburg. There they hunted around and found that a man had been to work at a nail factory who bore the description that they had got

previously, and obtained his name, which was given as Hunks or Unks, but did not learn where he was. They obtained a complete description of him, and made a search, but got no trace of him, but ascertained that he formerly lived east of the mountains in Pennsylvania; they came to a blacksmith shop, where a man had hired out who answered his description.

They asked him many questions, and also asked him if he had not been working at a nail factory in Pittsburg. He answered that he had been at work there. They then asked him if he did not go west from there with a pedlar. He hesitated to answer that question, and exhibiting guilt, they then charged him with the crime, which he partly acknowledged and they arrested him and brought him back to Ravenna and put him in the jail. When court set he was asked if he had any counsel, and he replied that he had not. Benjamin Tappan and Elisha Whittlesey were assigned by the court to defend him. He was kept in jail nearly two years before he got a trial. As there was a defect in the first indictment, a second indictment had to be returned in order to hold him. When he was tried he was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and executed as before mentioned. Unks was a large and muscular man; I should think he was six feet and six or seven inches in height.

HISTORY OF FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.

The writer came into this county on the 10th day of May, 1804, then a vast, unbroken wilderness, filled with wild men and wild beasts. At this period

there were forty Indians to every white man, and not a house in Franklin township. Stow township had not been run off into lots, and the solitary house in that district was, I believe, the only one between Hudson and Canton.

Franklin township, which contains 16,000 acres, was purchased by Aaron Olmsted, of Hartford, Conn., in the summer of 1798. I think I heard Amzi Atwater, who helped to run the lines in 1796-97, say that the purchase money paid was only $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents an acre.

This township has been rather an unlucky one. In the summer of 1807 the proprietor, Olmsted, and John Campbell, of Campbellsport, came here to find a location suitable for the county seat of Portage county. After canvassing thoroughly, they selected a rise of ground on land now owned by J. B. Stratton, a little north of the upper cemetery. Olmsted made arrangements with Campbell to use his influence to secure the location here, when the locating committee came on, and to say that he (Olmsted) would bear the expense of building the court house. He then returned home, was taken sick and died. He left a will bequeathing all the unsold lands to his grandchildren, so when the locating committee came the land was not to be had. If it had not been for this circumstance, the county seat would undoubtedly have been located here and we would to-day be reaping the benefits thereof. The advantages possessed by this township were, and now are, unequalled, and but for its misfortune, would have been far ahead of any place in this section.

This township was surveyed in 1803 by Ezekiel Hoover and Ralph Buckland, a brother-in-law of the late Zenas Kent. The first settler was John Haymaker, who came into the township in December, 1805, and moved into a little house that the surveyors had built when surveying in 1803. Samuel Burnett came here from Warren, Trumbull county, in the spring of 1806, and commenced chopping and clearing land on lot 65, where John Reed now lives.

We lived in the southeast corner of Hudson. We heard some timber falling in a southeasterly direction and concluded that some one was chopping, and thought we would go down and see who it was; but before we got started there came a man and a boy up through the woods to our place. The man said he heard timber falling in our direction and was anxious to know what it meant. He said he was not aware that there was any one in that part of the country but was glad to find neighbors so near. He said that Judge Quinby, of Warren, was agent for the township, and had sent him to commence settling, with a promise of 80 acres of land for making the first improvements. He intended to chop off a piece for a spring crop, put up a log cabin, and the next spring move out here.

We helped him put up a log house and I think it was the first in the township. He came with the expectation of getting the 80 acres promised him, but the proprietor died and he never got a title. He afterwards moved to Austinburgh, Trumbull county, and died there.

In the fall of 1806 George Haymaker and his father, Jacob Haymaker, came into town and built a house on the west side of the river, near where Mr. Kent's new mill now stands. I think Frederick Haymaker came the next spring and bought 80 acres of land that John Tucker had contracted for. It included most of the upper village. He built a house on the east side of the river, where the road used to cross. James D. Haymaker was born in 1809, and his mother died soon after. John and George commenced building a mill where Kent's mill now stands, in the summer of 1807, and got it running in the fall of 1808. The mill stones were common hardheads, worked out by Bradford Kellogg, of Hudson. The mill was not finished when they commenced running. They put up crotches and laid poles across as a temporary covering for the hopper, and a little bolt that was turned by hand, sifting out the coarsest of the bran. Andrew Kelso was the millwright. They kept it running until 1811, when they sold to Jacob Reed, of Rootstown, who roofed the building. When Reed repaired the building he employed a millwright from Mahoning county, whose name was Powers. He was genteel looking and full of manners but he soon found out that it would not do to wait for manners so much. Provisions were scarce and hard to get, and when meal time came every one pitched in and helped himself. One day my brother in-law, George Nighman, killed a deer and brought it in. A good mess of it was cooked. The call was given; all came with a quick step, sat down

and began to help themselves. It was not long before the millwright got choked, became black in the face, and got up gagging and strangling as if for dear life. The rest of the company set to help him by pounding him on the back, and some got hold of his throat

Reed kept the mill running until 182⁰, when he sold out to William Price and George DePeyster. They made quite an improvement on the mill.

In 1825 or '26 they erected a hemp mill, sent to Kentucky for hemp seed, which they let out to the neighbors to

One of the Pioneers.



ZENAS KENT,

Who Purchased Nearly Six Hundred Acres of Land in Franklin Township in 1832. He Was Born July 12, 1786, and Died Oct. 4, 1865.

and tried to force the meat up, but all in vain. They began to think they were going to lose their millwright. Finally, as a last resort, they got him out of doors on a big stump, and had him jump from it. The third jump brought up the meat, and saved the man.

raise hemp for the mill. I took some and raised a big crop, which their mill broke and dressed, but it did not pay well. After two or three years, they quit the business, with quite a loss. In 1827 they built a forge and put up a trip hammer, which they got in operation

in 1828 or '29, for the purpose of manufacturing scythes, axes and forks. In February, 1831, William Price went to New Lisbon to get a large grindstone. On his way home with it the wagon upset, throwing the stone on him and killing him.

In March, 1832, there came a freshet, which swept the whole thing down the river, mill and all. In May of the same year Zenas Kent and David Ladd bought the mill site and built the mill which is now owned by H. A. and M. Kent.

Portage county was organized in the summer of 1808 and Cuyahoga in 1810. Previous to that time Trumbull county covered the whole Western Reserve.

The township of Franklin was organized and a meeting held for the election of township officers in 1815. The votes all told numbered twelve. The first officers elected were Amasa Hamlin, Elisha Stevens, George Haymaker, trustees; John Haymaker, justice of the peace, and Hubbard Hurlbut, township clerk. Jacob Reed and John Tucker were judges of the election. The names of the voters were Amasa Hamlin, Elisha Stevens, George Haymaker, John Haymaker, David Lilly, Hubbard Hurlbut, Jacob Reed, Alexander Stewart, Adam Nighman, William Williams, Christian Cackler, Sr., and Andrew Kelso. This constituted the voting population of 1815, all of whom have gone to "that land from whence no traveler returns."

The first lawsuit in the place was between Christian Cackler, Sr., and David Lilly. They both lived near

Sandy Lake, north of Earlville. Lilly had a piece of oats adjoining the lake, which was not fenced on the lake side. The said Cackler's geese got into the oats, whereupon Lilly killed a number of them. He claimed there was no law for geese. Cackler claimed that geese were property, and he must pay for them. He refused. A lawsuit ensued before Esquire Haymaker. Lilly stood out for some time, but finally settled by paying two shillings a head and costs.

The first death in the township was that of Eve Haymaker in October, 1810. She was the wife of Jacob Haymaker and the mother of John, George and Frederick Haymaker. Jacob, the father, died in 1819; John died in 1827; George, in 1838, and Frederick, in Trumbull county in 1851.

In August, 1814, Christian Cackler, Jr., was married to Theresa Nighman, it being the first wedding in the township. Frederick Caris, Esq., of Rootstown, officiated.

The first school taught in the township as by Alphonso Lamphier, who now resides in Brimfield. It was taught in the winter of 1815 16, in a log house built by Mr. Rue, in 1811.

The first sermon preached in the township was in that house, by Father Shewell, of Rootstown.

In the summer of 1817, a school house was built by the inhabitants on the east side of the river, near where Dr. E. W. Crain used to live. It was used as a school and meeting house by all parties and sects for some time, until a man by the name of Elliott came along and presched a sermon. He was a very smart

man and well educated. I think he was a Scotchman by birth, and had been educated for a Roman Catholic priest. All liked his preaching except Deacon Andrews, and to sound him a little closer, he gave him a text to preach from when he came again. It was the 8th chapter of Romans and a part of the 9th. It was soon noised about that

Deacon Andrews had given Elliott a text to preach from, and there was a large collection to hear him. He commenced to explain his text, when the Deacon arose and disputed him. Elliott told him if he would sit down till he got through, he would answer any question he might ask, so the Deacon sat down again. After meeting he started off without asking any questions. The next Sabbath they collected as usual, but the house was locked. They sent for the Deacon or the key. He would not go or let the key go. He said he would not have such damnable preaching in the house of God. He had been the leading deacon previous to that time, and it created a feeling that was not soon forgotten. It became a fearful warfare, but finally the Deacon compromised by paying back all that the others had paid towards building the house.

This town was noted for its pious streaks in early days. In 1825, I think, there was a man by the name of Brown, who worked in Price and DePeyster's mill. He went one Sunday on the east side of the river, near Cherry Hill. It was in the fall of the year, when chestnuts were ripe, and he went to picking them up. One Loomis Andrews—a son

of the Deacon before mentioned—saw him, and entered complaint for Sabbath-breaking. A summons was issued and Brown was brought before the court, which could do no less than fine him \$1.00 and costs. It was generally supposed that young Loomis was out in the woods for the purpose of getting chestnuts himself.

The first bridge across the Cuyahoga river was built in this township, by the people of Hudson and Ravenna, in 1803. Its location was a short distance above the present covered bridge, and about ten feet below the place where it is said Captain Brady made his famous leap, about the year 1780. I crossed it the 10th day of May, 1804. It was the first east and west road traveled in this section of the country. Where the road crossed the river it was a dismal looking place indeed. The distance across the points of shelving rocks was twenty-one feet, and the tops of the hemlocks reached across from either side and mingled together. It was about twenty-five feet down to the water. The bridge was about ten feet below where it is said Captain Brady made his famous leap when pursued by the Indians in 1780. There was a dish in the rock on the east side, so that the place where he alighted was about three feet lower than the side from which he leaped.

The oldest log house now in the township was built in 1815, by Christian Cackler, Sr. It stands a little east of Earlville Station, and was recently occupied by Benjamin Frazier.

The first mill in the township was built in 1814, by Elisha Stephens, near

where the Lane foundry now stands.

Joshua Woodard moved into the township in 1818, and commenced building in copartnership with Frederick Haymaker, then living at Beaver, Pa. They built a woolen factory, dye-house, turning lathes, cabinet shop and a number of private dwelling houses, also the house where Dr. Dewey now lives, the latter as a hotel. They continued a thriving business until about 1825, when they dissolved partnership—Haymaker taking the mill property.

In 1822, Joshua Woodard, Benjamin F. Hopkins and David Ladd formed a copartnership. They built a glass factory near where the upper mill now stands, several private dwellings and the old tannery on the east side of the river, near the upper bridge, first operated by Joseph Arnold. They also built a woolen factory, saw mill and ashery, one mile east of the village, on land now owned by the heirs of Cornelius Waldron, on Breakneck Creek. They also built a woolen factory and oil mill in the lower village, and started a dry goods store in the basement of G. B. DePeyster's house, now occupied by B. C. Earl. They did a thriving business until about 1831, when they dissolved partnership and divided their property.

In the year 1824, James Edmunds, Henry Parks and brother, built a glass-factory on the land now owned by Christian Cackler. From 1821 to 1831, William H. Price and George B. DePeyster had in operation, in the lower village, a grist mill, saw mill, forge and trip hammer, hemp factory and dry goods store. George B. DePeyster was

the first postmaster in the place. He used to keep the letters in a cigar box.

In 1832, Zenas Kent and David Ladd bought the Price and DePeyster property for \$7,000, consisting of 300 acres of land. In 1833 or '34 Zenas Kent bought out Ladd's interest. Ladd went to Maumee and died soon after.

In 1831 or '32, Pomeroy and Rhodes bought Frederick Haymaker's property, consisting of one hundred acres of land, and a good water power in the upper village. They built a grist mill, woolen factory, turning lathe, cabinet shop, etc. In 1836 they sold out to the Franklin Land Company, a company organized about that time. The members of the company were Augustus Baldwin and John B. Clark, of Hudson; Norman C. Baldwin, of Cleveland; George Kirkham, of Cleveland, and many other prominent men. Previous to their purchase of Pomeroy & Rhodes, the Land Company bought of Zenas Kent about 300 acres of land with water powers, for \$75,000. Paid about \$25,000 in all, then bought out Pomeroy & Rhodes for \$40,000, paid \$30,000, went into a banking business, run the establishment about two years, compromised with their creditors, destroyed the water power by giving it to the Pennsylvania & Ohio Canal Co., and then failed.

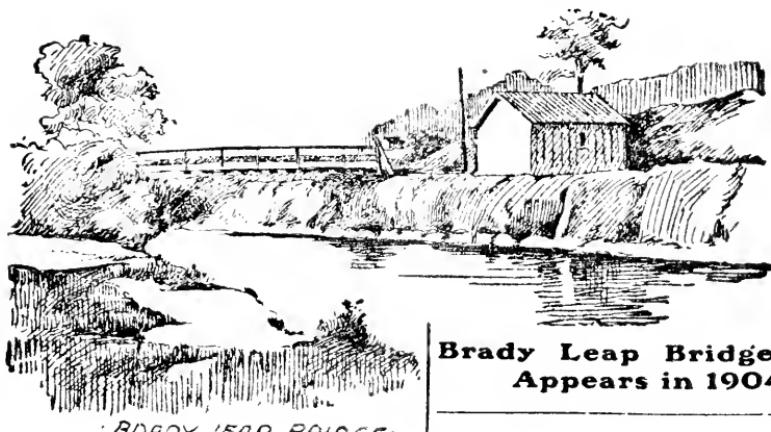
Kent, Pomeroy & Rhodes took back their property. Thus ended one of the greatest swindles that was ever perpetrated on any community. Had they left the water power alone, all would have been well.

In the summer of 1822, J. C. Fairchilds bought out Woodard & Hay-

maker's tannery, and built the first brick house in town. It was the small building south of John Thompson's residence, on the west side of the river. I think he carried on the tannery for a number of years.

About that time another pious streak came over some of our people. A new minister by the name of Sheldon located in town. He built the large, two-story house now occupied by Luther H. Parmelee. He had great influence over some of the people. J. C. Fairchilds be-

summoned to appear before a justice of the peace, and answer for their Sabbath breaking, by paying one dollar and costs. The violators were Jacob Stough and Sylvester Babcock, well known citizens of Ravenna. It created so much of a sensation that the people told Stough that if he would cowhide Russell they would foot the bill. Some time after, Russell went to Ravenna, and had some business in the court house. Stough saw him, got a cowhide, and stationed himself where he could see



BRADY LEAP BRIDGE

came a deacon, and a man by the name of William Russell studied with Sheldon for the ministry. He poured in the oil and wine so plentifully that they became nearly intoxicated with it.

One Saturday some teams went through this place on their way to Old Portage, after goods for Zenas Kent, of Ravenna, and did not get back until Sunday. As they came through they were closely watched. The next day, on complaint of Fairchilds and Russell, they were

Brady Leap Bridge as it Appears in 1904.

Russell when he came out. He did not make his appearance until about dark, when Stough stepped up behind him and began to apply the cowhide, and kept it up briskly clear across the street. Russell attempted to escape by running into the tavern kept by Papa Carter, but the door would not open readily, and Stough belabored him thoroughly. When they came out to find the perpetrator he was not to be found. I think it was not positively known who did it, except by a few. It was said that Russell had on Priest Sheldon's cloak,

which was cut up considerably by the cowhide. The same fall the same parties made complaint against two men for driving cattle on Sunday. They were fined but in return sued Russell and Fairchild for damages sustained by their delay, and obtained a judgment against them.

Mr. Jesse Farnham and Charles Douglas, from Westfield, Mass., became the proprietors of the township in 1817. Lyman Farnham, Sr., son of Jesse Farnham, came here in the spring of 1818, and selected a farm and went to clearing it. In falling the timber one tree lodged upon another, and in getting it down he was struck by a limb and killed.

Jesse Farnham died in 1836. David Day, a son-in-law of Farnham, died in 1837. Mr. Nathaniel Packard, of Brimfield, was bitten by a mad dog in the spring of 1837. In six weeks he was attacked with hydrophobia and for about three days suffered the most excruciating agony. His spasms came every half hour and lasted fifteen or twenty minutes. Mr. Sylvester Huggins was with him the night he died.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

I think it may not be amiss to give a record of the names, ages and deaths of the pioneer settlers, who came in early days, and endured the hardships and privations necessary in making the first settlements:

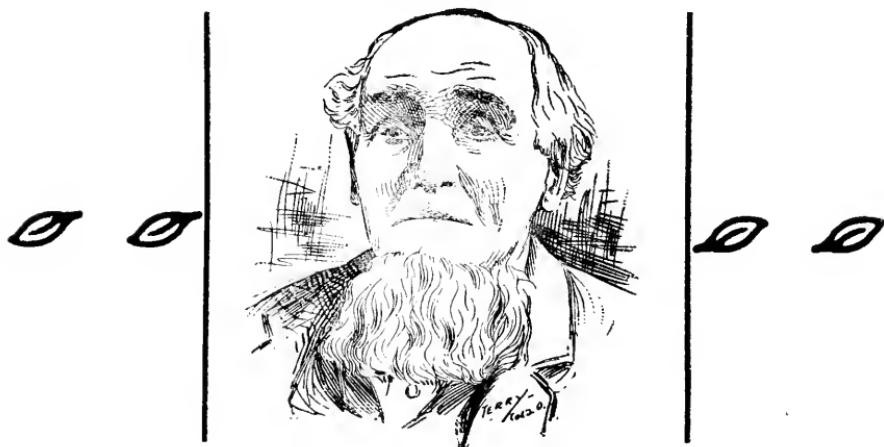
Alexander Stewart settled on lot 79 in 1808; he died March 21, 1845, aged 62 years; his wife, Catherine Stewart, died April 2nd of the same year, aged 62 years. They had no children. Christian

Cackler, Sr., came into Hudson in 1804; lived there till 1815, when he moved into this town; he died Sept. 28, 1830, aged 74 years. His wife, Julia Ann Cackler, died Nov. 2, 1831, aged 79 years. Adam Nighman settled here in 1807; died June 12, 1835, aged 71 years. His wife, Elizabeth, died August 5, 1840, aged 68 years. William Stewart, one of the pioneers, died June 4, 1834; his wife, Susannah, died June 4, 1840, aged 42 years. She was the mother of Maria Stewart, Marvin Kent's wife, and others. Sally Haymaker, wife of John Haymaker, was the first white woman that settled in the town. She came here in 1805. In 1807 she gave birth to John F. Haymaker, the first white child born in the township. She lived in the township 64 years, and died June 15, 1869, at the advanced age of 94 years. Elijah Rockwell came in 1822, and died March 30, 1837, aged 42 years. Aaron Ferry, another pioneer, died January 30, 1860; his wife, Elizabeth, died October 26, 1842, aged 47 years. William Williams came in 1809, and died March 16, 1822, aged 60 years. Hubbard Hurlburt, Sr., came in 1815; died May 24, 1857, aged 84 years. William Pomeroy settled in 1816. George DePeyster died February 12, 1844, aged 58 years. General Joshua Woodard died December 3, 1854, aged 73 years. Andrew Kelso came in 1807, and died Aug. 9, 1842, aged 61 years. Theresa, wife of Christian Cackler, Jr., came with her parents in 1807, and died April 23, 1869. Such were some of the earliest settlers. All honor to their names. I thought it but a just tribute to their memory to

present their names in this connection, that the rising generation may know to whom they are indebted for many of the blessings they enjoy. They came here when the country was an unbroken wilderness, toiled and endured sufferings and hardships, and we are now enjoying the fruits of that toil. They have gone, all gone to the "undiscov-

ing a piece of cloth, and on her return it became so dark that she passed the path without noticing it. She kept on until about where Seneca Green now lives. Even at that time it was still a wilderness, and on a dark night it was indeed dismal. She became frightened, and not knowing where she was, or which way to go, she sat down near a

First White Child Born in Franklin Township.



JOHN FRANKLIN HAYMAKER.
Born in 1807, Died in 1900.

ered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." May we cherish their memory.

Dudley Williams and wife came into the township in 1820, and took up the piece of land now owned by H. T. Lake, near Frederick Dewey's farm; he built his house some distance from the road and a path leading through the woods to the house. One day Mrs. Williams went to town to see about weav-

large tree and remained there several hours; hearing strange noises, and what appeared to be footsteps approaching her, she became much alarmed and fled whither she knew not, but she was determined to escape that dismal place. She wandered through the darkness and rain till daylight, when she found that she had been wandering from home instead of toward it. It was some time before she reached her home, and glad

enough she was to find it. This was in the fall of 1822. She died May 9, 1842, aged 63 years. Rebecca Reed, wife of John Reed, came here at an early day, and died June 22, 1845, aged 45 years.

In 1821, William Pomeroy, before mentioned, came into town. In 1836-37 he built a brick church on the east side of the river for the Presbyterian Society. In 1840 the Apostle Avery came along and commenced a series of sermons, which continued three weeks or more. During these meetings a great many of the deacons and others, who verily thought they had been doing "God's service" before began to be alarmed for their safety, and ask "what shall we do to be saved?" Under the warning influence their necks began to bend and their knees shake and knock together, like Belshazzar's of old. Avery told them to confess their sins and sin no more. There were a great many bad acts confessed in those meetings that were unlooked for from the source from which they came. Some confessed that they had not dealt fairly with their neighbors, and had cheated them; others confessed that they had given way to their passions so much that they feared they had committed the "unpardonable sin." There were a great many who verily believed that Avery was a man sent of God to preach "peace on earth and good will to man." But, be that as it may, I believe he was a smart man, especially in the manner of collecting money; for it is said, and I believe truly, that he carried away with him from this town three hundred dollars.

MR. CACKLER'S BIOGRAPHY.

In this connection it will not, perhaps, be amiss to give a short history of my early life, together with the habits and customs of the Indians, and the wild animals that infested this country in its wild state.

I was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, June, 1791. In 1795 I moved to Wheeling Creek, Green county, Pa., about twenty miles from Wheeling, Virginia. The place then went by the name of Indian Wheeling, owing to its being a great hunting resort. In the spring of 1804, together with my father and eldest brother, I came to Ohio. We brought with us, one horse, one yoke of oxen, and what we could carry on the horse. We crossed the Ohio River at Steubenville, passing through Yellow Creek, Deerfield, where there were a few families living at that time, and Ravenna, where there were also several families by the name of Wright. At that time there was a road marked out to Hudson, and some of the underbrush cut. We passed on to Hudson, where we found our stopping place. Father bought half of lot No. 10 in the south-east corner of the township. On selecting our site we relieved our horse, cut four forks and drove them into the ground, upon which we laid poles and covered the sides and top with bark, also constructed a bark floor. Our beds filled with leaves and blankets spread, we were ready for operation. We commenced by clearing land for spring crops. It was then the 10th of May, 1804. We got in about three acres of corn, and cleared off a piece in time to

sow wheat. Provisions were hard to get and were obtained by working for neighbors. We found out that Mr. Abram Thompson, of Hudson, had pork which he wished to exchange for work, so father sent my brother and myself up there to work for three and a half pounds of pork per day. Abram's father, a deacon of the church, lived with him. He would stand and keep us at work every minute of the time, and when meal time came would always ask a blessing. He was very expert in the use of the knife and fork, and when he was satisfied he seemed to think the rest ought to be, and would lay down his table cutlery and offer thanks for what he had eaten, and then leave the table. As boys, we were rather bashful, and of course would follow suit, whether we had eaten half enough or not. We stood it two days, when we took our fourteen pounds of pork and went home. We told father that we could not work in that way—that we did not get enough to eat. He said he would go up next day, and I went with him. When we arrived they had eaten breakfast and we went to work without any, but when noon came we were prepared for a hearty meal. We went in and seated ourselves about the table; the deacon asked the blessing and then went to work as usual. When he had finished he dropped his knife and fork and returned thanks, and then left the table. My father said to the deacon, "Your prayers are good, but Abram's pork is a d—d sight better; prayers will not strengthen a man to roll up logs," and went on eating again. The old

deacon never tried to choke him off with his "thankfulness" after that. In September my father and brother went back after the family, and left me in care of the shanty until they returned. I was then only twelve years of age. They left for my use a small loaf of bread, an old rifle that carried an ounce ball, and some powder and bullets, that I might kill squirrels for meat. They thought they would be back in three weeks. It was a trying time for me. I could get along very well through the day, but when night came I was lonesome indeed. I would build a big fire and roll myself up in my blankets so that I could not hear anything, and there remain until morning. I managed so about two weeks. My loaf began to get very small, and I had to make my allowance still smaller to make it hold out. The three weeks expired and nobody came. The fourth week wore slowly away, and no one came. My bread was gone and I had to live on squirrels alone. The fifth week expired and still I was alone, with no bread and no bullets. What to do I did not know. It is said that "necessity is the mother of invention." There was a necessity for my doing something, so I went down to the brook and picked up small stones, which I used in place of bullets—using a handful for a charge. I managed to kill some squirrels in this way, but many were only crippled and would get away. I stayed there till the sixth week began, when one afternoon a severe thunder storm came up. I fell asleep and when I awoke it was getting dark. I tried to start a fire but everything was

so wet that I could not kindle it. As I sat there tinkering with my fire, all at once there came a screaming of wolves a little way off. I soon left my fireplace and rolled myself up in my blankets, partly sitting up, with my gun by my side, loaded with gravel stones. I thought that if they attempted to come in, I would give them the contents. But they did not attempt it. I sat there until morning, when I left the old shanty to take care of itself, and went over to where Harry O'Brien lived, about three miles distant, and remained until our family came back, which was not long.

The corn that we planted was all destroyed by squirrels, blackbirds, coons and porcupines, before it was large enough to roast; not an ear came to maturity.

In 1807 I was bound out to remain until twenty-one, that I might help earn provisions for the family. The war of 1812 having broken out about the time I finished my servitude, I enlisted on the 22nd day of August, 1812, and remained in the service till Perry's victory, on the 10th of September, 1813, a period of one year and twelve days. I was married soon after my return, and lived on Darrow street during the following winter. In the spring of 1815 I cut my foot so badly that I did but very little work that summer.

On the first day of January, 1816, we moved to the place where I now live. In moving, our furniture proved no inconvenience: my wife had a bed, I had an axe. I added to this, by purchase of Zenus Kent, three white cups and

saucers, costing seventy-five cents, three knives and forks, and a wooden pail. These were the first things I ever purchased. The woman who lived with us gave three wooden plates, and a kettle to cook our victuals in. My wife's father also gave us a table, which completed our "set out." I ran in debt for fifty acres of land, at \$3.50 per acre, a deed of which I did not get for seventeen years, and the interest was therefore greater than the principal. I did not have a hoof on the place for three years. I went to clearing my land by cutting out the small timber, which, together with the old logs, I burned, after which I girdled the standing timber, and split my rails. I had no team to haul them with, so I backed them to the line of my fences. Having thus cleared and fenced my farm, I got Alexander Stewart to do my plowing. I planted corn and worked it entirely with the hoe. The birds and animals were so numerous that it required constant vigilance to save any of it. It was a constant warfare, and at best I could get but the smallest half. It was trying to a man's patience and courage to work that way. We depended on the woods for our meats and got our bread wherever we could.

We were married in 1814 and lived and toiled together fifty-five years. After my wife's death, I made a will and the estimated value of our property was \$30,000. We had twelve children, all of whom grew up to be men and women save one—he died when two years old. There are now (in 1870) eight of them living.

Now for a small bear story. In the summer of 1817 I bought two hogs, which we watched closely most of the time, in order to prevent their being devoured by bears. One day I was away from home and the hogs had the liberty to stray farther away from home than usual. My wife heard them coming as if some one was after them, and on looking out, saw a bear close to their heels, doing his best to catch them. They came into the dooryard, closely followed by the bear, and my wife ran out and hallooed at them as loud as she could (she could rival an Indian), but the bear did not abandon his chase. It so happened that one of my neighbor's hogs got in with mine, and the bear picked him up and carried him off—the porker kicking and squealing with a vengeance. He did not seem to like the noise made by my wife; but he did like the pork. He carried the hog about fifty rods, when he laid it down and killed it and then dragged it into a swamp and ate what he wanted. When I came home I took my gun and followed after, but only found the remains of his meal.

The early history of the settlement of Franklin township might be extended, but I will content myself with a few closing remarks.

Timothy Wallace, one of the first settlers, died January 15, 1845, aged 61 years. His wife, Elizabeth, died August 17, 1847, aged 50 years. Deborah Kelso, wife of Andrew Kelso, died February 19, 1845, aged 59 years. Sally, wife of Aaron Auter, and sister of George and John Haymaker' died October 2, 1839,

aged 56 years.

In February, 1836, Cleveland men and others purchased Zenas Kent's interest in Franklin Mills, consisting of all the lower water power and grist mill, together with about 300 acres of land in and adjoining the village, for the sum of \$75,000. They organized under the name of "Franklin Land Company," and commenced improving said property by laying out new roads, buildings, etc. In 1837 they petitioned the Legislature for a charter under the name of the "Franklin Silk and Manufacturing Company." They were granted the charter and soon after commenced "wild cat" banking, with Zenas Kent as president, and Augustus Baldwin, cashier. They issued bills and continued banking until the time when all "wild cats" were declared illegal, when they suspended and collected their bills. They redeemed every dollar presented.

In 1837 said company purchased of Pomeroy & Rhodes what was called the upper water power for \$40,000, and consolidated the two by building the present stone dam. The company paid Pomeroy & Rhodes the purchase money and also paid Zenas Kent \$33,000, and expended \$19,000 by way of building bridges, roads, etc.

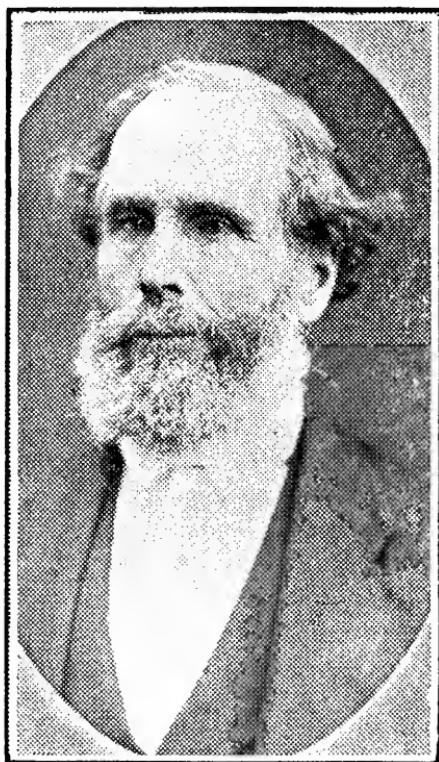
The financial crisis of 1837-8 compelled the company to give the land up to Zenas Kent, and individuals of the company, whose notes he held, compromised with him as best they could.

In 1837 quite a number of the inhabitants embarked in the mulberry speculation, with a view to propagating the tree and manufacturing silk. The ex-

citement ran high for a year or two, then the bubble burst. Those who invested lost all they put in. Barber Clark and perhaps one or two others raised cocoons and engaged in the man-

between Daniel Diver and the Indians is set forth, which, as regards the abuse offered to the Indians, is not true. I was acquainted with the whole transaction, and with Mohawk, who shot Div-

Was One of the Pioneers.



WARREN BURT.

Mr. Burt came to this township in 1821, his father, Martin Burt, buying 600 acres of timber land in the township at \$5 per acre. Martin Burt died in 1847. Warren Burt died in 1902, aged almost 96 years.

ufacture of silk for a year or two.

THE SHOOTING OF DANIEL DIVER, IN 1806.

I have seen in a book of Mr. Bierce's, in Summit county, where the difficulty

er. He was the son of the Chief Seneca. The Chief was a large, muscular man, a little short of six feet, straight, with a stern look, and a keen, black eye. His

word was law in his tribe; what he said must be done. He did not allow his tribe to promise anything and not make it good. Honor was their law, and you might be sure of their promises, if they lived, for they hated lying. If you told them a lie they never forgot it.

The Seneca Chief had seven children, four sons and three daughters. There were three in the family—John Bigson, John Amur and John Mohawk. His sons-in-law were George Wilson, Nickshaw and Wobmung. Wobmung was as smart a fellow as you would see in a thousand. You would think his big eyes would look through a man and see all his faults. If he had been educated he would have been equal to any white man. Nickshaw traded off his pony with Diver for an old horse. Diver had given them whisky, which made them "cockusa," as they say when they get too much. Nickshaw went off with his horse, and in about three days brought him back, saying he was no good for Indian, because he could not eat sticks; but he was good for white man. Diver would not trade back, and the Indians got mad. They said Diver had cheated them. Nickshaw left the old horse, went away, and agreed with Mohawk to shoot Diver. Three or four of the Indians came there and asked for whisky. Mohawk did not come in to drink the whisky with them. When they went out they gave a whoop, jumped on their ponies and away they went. Diver thought this a little strange and put his head out of the door, when Mohawk fired at him, mounted his pony and rode away. The shot took

out both of his eyes, and he fell back on the floor. He was not killed, but lived at Deerfield at least thirty years after this.

The Indian camp was about three miles away. The Seneca Chief and his family moved there in the fall, and the greatest friendship existed with the whites until this horse trade. Mohawk thought he had killed Diver, and escaped. The neighbors rallied under Captain Rogers, and took after the Indians. They went to their camp, and none were there, but they followed their trail along the great Indian road, from the Ohio River to Sandusky. It crossed the Cuyahoga River at "Standing Stone," near Franklin Mills (now Kent), and the center road south of Hudson about a mile, thence across the Cuyahoga River near Peninsula in Boston. My father then lived in the southeast part of Hudson. The trail was about sixty rods from our house, and we had a path to the trail. Rogers and his men followed the Indians in the night.

It was about the last of December, 1806, and the snow was about four inches deep. The night was very cold, and the moon was near the full, and shining. They came to our house about one o'clock in the morning, some of them nearly frozen, and about half of them stayed there. Rogers got my father, my eldest brother and my brother-in-law, Williams, to go with them. They went to Hudson, got a new recruit, and followed on to near the west part of Richfield. Here the Indians had stopped, built a fire, stacked their arms, tied their ponies and lain down with

their feet to the fire. Most of them had pulled off their moccasins. When Rogers and his men saw the fire they scattered and surrounded the Indians, some of whom were in a doze, and some asleep. As they were closing up Nickshaw and Mohawk sprang up and ran off barefooted. They closed in on the rest, and, it beginning to be light, Rogers wanted somebody to go after Nickshaw, and George Darrow, of Hudson, and Jonathan Williams, my brother-in-law, volunteered to go. They said the Indians' feet began to bleed before they got a mile, when they sat down on a log, tied pieces of their blankets around their feet and then separated. Darrow and Williams followed one of them, who proved to be Nickshaw, whom they overtook at about three miles. He looked back, and, seeing them, gave a whoop and increased his speed, and they after him like hounds after a fox. In about a mile they overtook him and asked him to come back, but he would not. Darrow said he thought he would clinch him, but when he made the attempt Nickshaw would put his hand under his blanket as though he had a knife. Darrow thought he would get a club and knock him down, but Mr. Indian could get a club and use it too. They got out of patience, and Williams fired his gun over Nickshaw's head to let him know what was coming if he did not yield. This did not make any impression, and Williams loaded up and popped him over. He fell on his face and gave up the ghost. They threw him under a log, covered him with brush and old chunks, and came back

to Hudson. Heman Oviatt, David Hudson and Owen Brown mounted their horses, took the trail and found the dead Indian. They got out a State warrant against Darrow and Williams for murder.

All the Reserve was then in Trumbull county, the county seat at Warren. When they got there to be tried for their necks, they refused to go into the little log jail till the court could be organized, and they had some fuss about it. Finally some person said they should be on hand at the trial. When the court was ready they came forward, and the witnesses were called. Oviatt, Hudson and Brown swore they followed the tracks of Darrow and Williams, and found where they had shot the Indian. I think J. D. Webb, of Warren, was counsel for them. He muddled the witnesses till they could not tell how the Indian came to his death. Darrow was cleared and brought as a witness against Williams. He swore there was a controversy with the Indian in order to make a prisoner of him; he heard the crack of a gun and saw the Indian fall, but could not tell where it came from. Finally, the matter was quashed. There was plenty of whisky and a hoe-down that night. A collection was made for Williams of five dollars for killing the Indian.

The Chief and his family were brought to Hudson and discharged. They were not abused, but went to their old camp in Streetsboro, which was his headquarters. It was on Samuel Olin's place, near the river. He lived there till the summer of 1812. He was

a man of great intellect and firmness, and had always been a friend of our government. He was perfectly honest, and when friendly a good friend; but lie to him and he would never forget it. He believed in being honest, and trained his people so.

THE GREAT STREETSBORO HUNT OF 1819.

The township of Streetsboro was not settled for many years after those

less our eyes were on it most of the time. The settlers in the townships around Streetsboro—Hudson on the west, Franklin on the south and Aurora on the north—determined to have a big drive, surround the township and kill off the wild animals. A committee was appointed to arrange matters, who marked off thirty or forty acres a little south of the center, where the old saw-



STANDING
ROCK.

Standing Rock.

In the old-time days it was known among the pioneers and the Red men as Standing Stone.

around it. It was all owned by Titus Street, from whom it was named, and who drew it as a member of the Connecticut Land Company in 1798, containing 16,000 acres, being No. 4 in the ninth range. It was a famous place for bears, wolves, wild cats, wooly nigs, deer and other smaller animals. The bears killed our hogs, and the wolves our sheep and calves and sometimes our yearlings. We could risk nothing un-

mill stood, into which the game was to be driven. The men from each township were to be on the line of the township of Streetsboro next to them, at ten o'clock in the morning. The swamps were frozen, and there was about three inches of snow, and a good day for the hunt. Most of the regular hunters were opposed to the hunt, for the game was all their dependence, and I was one of them. I started out early with my dog,

to be on hand when the game started. I took my position on a dry piece of ground a little south of the center, and sat down on a log. I soon heard a crashing noise in a hollow about forty rods off, and walked to a large whitewood tree. Looking up, I saw the head of a huge bear sticking out of a hole in the tree. I drew my rifle on his eye. When it cracked he fell back into the tree with a wonderful kicking and smashing, but was soon still. I saw where three more bears had left the tree and sent the dog after them. In about half a mile he overtook and ran all of them up a tree.



KENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Congregationalists organized in Kent on June 18, 1819. The present building, pictured above, was erected in 1858.

When I got sight of them the old one was about forty feet from the ground, on one side of the tree. I took to a tree to shoot her, but before I got there she came down and took to boxing the dog, and finally to hugging him as though she loved him. I ran up to within about two rods, but could not fire without hitting the dog. She would hug him and then ease up, and every time he would

work from under her. The dog got loose and came running towards me, and the bear, whirling around, saw me and made as straight for me as a bee line. When she was about eight feet from me I fired, and happening to hit her right, she dropped. I was a little scared, and ran back to load my gun. The dog was worrying her, when she got up and knocked him away. She went about fifteen feet to a big tree and set herself down between its large roots, her back to the tree. There she sat like a person in an arm chair, to keep off the dog. By the time I got my gun loaded she fainted, tumbled over and gave up the ghost. She was the most frightful looking animal I ever saw as she came at me, her bristles sticking forward, her eyes like balls of fire, and her nose turned up, showing her teeth furiously. While we were at the tussle, the other two came down the tree and ran off. I set the dog after them, and in about a mile he treed one of them, which I shot and carried back to the old one. Then I began to hear the horns and bells in different directions, and to see the deer bounding along ahead of the men on the lines. When they came up I fell into the ranks and marched up to the ring or slaughter pen. When it was closed up there was the greatest sight I ever saw. There was over one hundred deer and a large number of bears and wolves. As they ran around the ring the guns cracked like battle. The deer came around in great flocks like a storm. It was a splendid sight to see so many deer with their large antlers. The hunters got together and

when the dreeses came around would make a gap in the lines and let them out. They ran out in large flocks and then the gaps were closed up to keep in the bears and wolves. The firing was kept up till we thought they were all

Williard, of Rootstown, and Samuel Curtis, of Hudson, were standing together and both fired at the wolf. He fell and Williard ran up to the wolf; Curtis claimed the scalp as his, and took hold of the wolf. They pulled and hauled



GRANDMA SPOONER.

The oldest person who ever lived in Franklin township was Priscilla Delano Spooner. She was born in Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 11, 1793. She lived in Kent a quarter of a century and passed away July 9, 1897, aged 103 years and seven months.

dead but one; he was wounded and came hopping around the ring, eight or ten rods from the line, everybody hollering "Wolf, wolf, wolf," and firing a perfect storm of bullets. He was shot down before he reached us. Phillip

the wolf around a while, then dropped him and went at each other with their fists. They were of about the same size and well matched. They made the blood flow pretty freely, but after a long and hard pull, Willard outwitted Curtis and

got the better of him. When they got up to look for the wolf, he was scalped and gone. A wolf scalp was worth seven dollars—a big pile of money for those times. When all were collected there were over sixty deer, seven bears and five wolves, but a number of wolves got away.

The wolf is the most cunning of animals. When they find themselves cornered they hide in tree tops or under

was killed they put aside and went on for more, or it was so said. The same game was played in other directions, and it was not certainly known what game was killed. It was divided into four piles, one for each of the four townships, when they cast lots for choice, and each took its pile and marched away. Franklin township sold theirs for whisky, and had a high time, benefitting nobody by the destruction of the game. Many families suffered in consequence, whose whole dependence for meat was in the wild game of the forest. The country could not have been settled had it not been for the wild animals to furnish meat, and their skins for clothing for us. The beaver, otter, mink and muskrats supplied us with hats and caps.

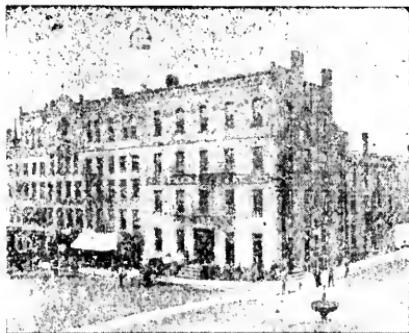
A HUNTING EXPEDITION.

I thought I would give you a history of a trapping and hunting expedition up the lake in early days, in 1817, by three of us, Col. George Darrow, Joseph Darrow and myself. We built a little boat on Darrow street, in Hudson, twelve feet long and four feet wide in the middle. We prepared ourselves for a six weeks' trip. We got sixty traps and two guns, and started about the middle of March, in 1817. We hauled our boat to the river in Boston, near the "big opening," and launched it and loaded up, got in and down the river we went, anticipating a good time of it. The river was almost walled in with ice on each bank, the day was fine and warm, and down we went with two oars, and a paddle to steer with, until we got to the Pinery in Northfield,

THE OLD REVERE HOUSE.

It was erected in 1836 by Zenas Kent. Merrick Sawyer opened it April 1, 1839, and was its first landlord. It has been known as the Franklin Exchange, Franklin House, Continental Hotel and the Revere House. It was remodeled as a business block in 1899.

old logs. When we went to gather up the game, a number of wolves started off. We thought there were twelve bears and six wolves killed that day, for many that were killed were not brought in. David Grier, Dr. DeWolf, Wm. Frazier and many others followed on horseback behind the line, and what



where there was a fallen tree with a bushy top, which reached about two-thirds across the river. We thought we could run around it, but the water sucked us into the top, knocked both of our guns overboard, and came near capsizing our little boat; but we managed to save her and run around the top, and what to do we did not know. We had no money to buy, and did not want to go without guns, so we thought we would make the attempt to regain them. We cast lots to see who should make the attempt. They were the oldest and got it on to me. I stripped off and took hold of a limb, and in I went. The water was as deep as I was "long," but I happened to strike one of them with my feet and got it up, and in I went again, and felt around with my feet and found the other and got it up so that they got hold of it. They hauled me into the boat. We had a jug of whisky with us I took a good "horn" when I went in and when I got out and got my clothes on, and they rolled me up in some blankets. I lay there most of the day. If it had not been for the whisky it would have almost killed me. We went down the river within a few miles of Cleveland, where we encamped for the night. The next morning we loaded up and got to Cleveland about 9 o'clock a.m. The day was warm and fine, but the lake was full of ice. But the breeze from land had broken it off from shore, so there was a strip of about twenty rods wide, of open water. We went on, and when we came to Rock River, there was about seven miles of ice-bound shore, where a man could not save him-

self in time of a storm. The weather being fine, we thought we could risk it. We made our oars play lively to get by the rocks, but the wind changed and the ice drifted back. We pulled for dear life, but before we got through the ice began to crowd us. We came to a place where there was a little hollow, where a little stream came in, and we hauled out. Quite a snow storm came up, and we stayed there two nights. The second night it cleared off and we went on again. About 5 o'clock a.m. we came in sight of Vermillion River, where the ice had broken off. It led us into the lake nearly a mile, where the channel of the river came in; but the wind changed again, and before we got through the ice closed in upon us, and we had a serious time of it. When the ice closed up we were about twenty rods from the channel, and we thought our time had come. Our little boat was knocked about by the ice, sometimes on top and again almost under, and the water kept splashing in so that one had to keep bailing it out, and the other two had to contend with the ice and work ahead slowly. We stuck there for a long time, but with patience and hard work we got through to the channel of the river, and glad enough to get through what we might call the "forlorn hope." There was a family living at the mouth of the river, and we stayed there that day and night. We dried our things, and came to Huron River, where we found a large marsh in which were plenty of muskrats. We set our traps and caught over sixty rats that night. The next night we again

set our traps. The Canadian French found us out, and stole ten of them. The next morning we went in search of them, but were glad enough to get off with what we had and a whole skin. We left as soon as we could. The next place was Sandusky Bay. There was the greatest sight I ever saw in the way of feathered flock. The swans, geese and ducks had gathered into the bay, and were still coming in from every direction, and by night there were acres covered with them. They laid their eggs and hatched their young on those islands.

At that period they kept in the middle of the bay so that we could not get at them, but after dark Darrow thought he would give them a shot, but before he got there some trappers on the opposite side fired at them, and they all rose and flew, and with the squawking and flapping of wings, you would think there was a wonderful thunder storm near by; and when they came over Darrow fired at them, and that increased their noise. We went out in the morning and found two geese. We camped on a small creek that came into the bay, called Coal Creek, and came out of a hill about a mile from the bay. It was large enough for our boat to go up to the head of it. The second day we went up the bay, which was nine miles long. We got a Frenchman to haul our boat across a neck of land, about half a mile across, to the main lake, and where Caron River, afterwards called Portage River, runs through Black Swamp. We went up the lake about four miles and came to a stream that emptied into the

lake. There was a big marsh that was full of muskrats—I should think two or three hundred acres. We landed and pitched our tent, and prepared to catch rats. The first night we caught over sixty rats. One of us was out among the traps most of the night. The next day Darrow started out with the traps



LUTHER H. PARMELEE.

Mr. Parmelee, who was born in Mt. Morris, N. Y., came to Hudson in 1832 and to Franklin Mills in 1855. He died July 8, 1894.

in a canoe, and met three Frenchmen coming down stream who demanded the canoe, and Darrow paddled back. The fellows paddled after, and when Darrow came up we pulled the canoe on shore. They landed and got hold of it and attempted to push it back into the water, and got it partly in. One of them jumped into the canoe and was trying to push it off. I had one of our

guns in my hands and I put it up against him and pushed him over into the water. He got up, and if you ever saw a devil you might have seen one at that time. They swore in French, and looked as savage as a meat-axe. We got out our traps, and it was not long before ten or twelve more came down by land and we did not dare to say our souls were our own. They took the canoe and went off, and told us to leave. We loaded up and left, and had just got started when back they came. We got out into the lake, and if we had not got off as we did, they would have stripped us, or perhaps killed us.

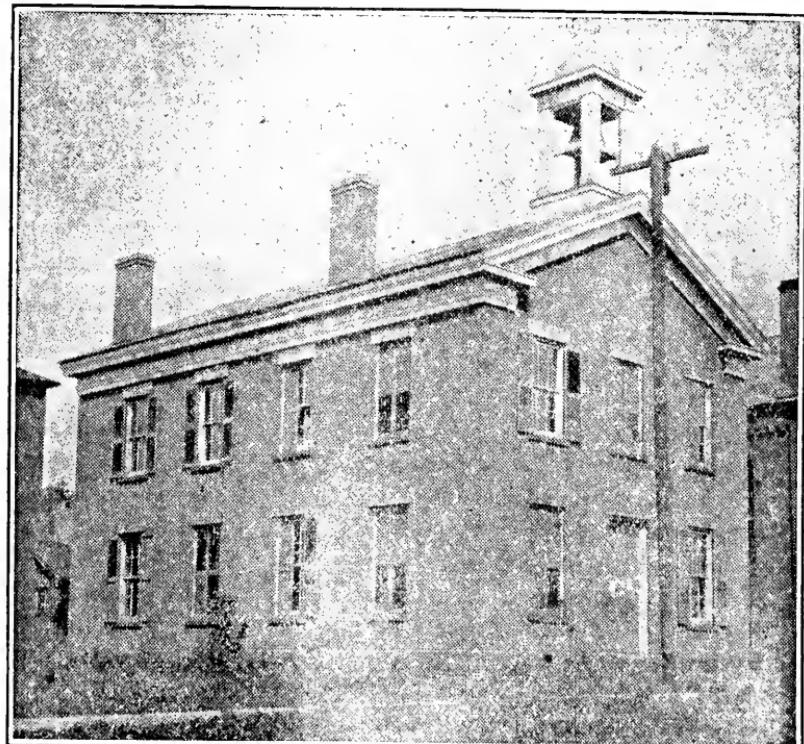
There was no law west of Cleveland but the strong arm and the club law. We thought of going to the point of Clay Island, about three miles out in the lak', but the wind was so strong against us that we could not make it, so we turned our course for the Peninsula and got there after dark. We saw a fire out in the woods, and one of us went out to see what it meant, and found an old Frenchman living there who was shooting rats in a little marsh on the Peninsula. We begged the privilege of staying over night with him. He said yes, so we hauled our plunder to his camp. About ten o'clock we heard some firing up where we had left, and about twelve o'clock two men came up to our fire, and said they had had a damnable scrape with the Frenchmen about where we had left. They had taken everything from them but their guns. They said they backed off into the bushes and commenced firing at them, thinking they would kill some of the devils. But

the Frenchmen returned their fire. They knew where there was a canoe, and made for it and got away and came where we were. One of them was Chauncey Lowry, of Stow, and the other a man by the name of Smith, both at that time of Palmyra. The next day they were hunting on the Peninsula, and came across a herd of hogs belonging to the French. Smith said he was going to have pay for one trap, and he shot and skinned one of them and brought it near the camp, so when the old Frenchman went out to shoot rats, there was a good meal cooked of it. We stayed there eight days, then went down the lake shore. As we were going along we saw a man lying on the shore. We supposed he was dead, and went out and found him alive, but so badly bruised and cut up that he could not stand alone when assisted to his feet. His face was so badly swollen that we could not see his eyes. He said he and his partner got into a fuss with the Frenchmen, and they overpowered and knocked them as long as it seemed good to them. He could not tell where his partner was. We took him in and carried him around to the main land and left him there in care of a man; then we went on down to Huron River, where we made a fine haul that night, but had to leave again on account of the French. The next day we went down to Black River, where we stayed two days. There I shot an otter, and did well while we stayed there, and then went on down to Cleveland, where we heard of the death of J. Wood and Bishop, by the Indians. They were

killed about three miles from the mouth of the Caron River. We were well acquainted with Wood, and tried to find him, but failed. I think the Indians that killed him belonged to the Chippewa tribe. They killed them for their traps

the fall of 1817. They were tried and convicted on the testimony of the Indians, and two of them were hung. The other was discharged because he was young, and was led into the scrape by the older ones. They were executed in

Kent Town Hall.



Erected About the Middle of the Eighteenth Century.

Photo by Woodard.

and furs. There were three of them that did the deed. Our Government called on the Chief to deliver up the perpetrators, and to deliver them up in

May, 1818, and were the first persons executed in Cuyahoga county. We were gone from home five weeks, and got \$150 worth of furs, and mi
t have

got three times that amount if we had not been molested by the French.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF HUDSON.

The writer came into what is now the township of Hudson, Summit county, Ohio, on the 10th day of May, in the year 1804. At that time this region was a nearly unbroken wilderness, heavily timbered, and occupied by wild men and wild animals; probably thirty or forty Indians to one white man. I think there was not a house between the present town of Hudson and Canton, in Stark county, except one that was built in the northeast corner of Stow township, by William Walker, before the township was surveyed into lots.

Hudson is township 4, in the 10th range of townships; it was purchased of the Connecticut Land Company by David Hudson, Birdseye Norton, Nathaniel Norton, Benjamin Oviatt, Stephen Baldwin, and Theodore Parmely. The township was supposed to contain sixteen thousand acres; the price said to be paid for it was fifty-two cents per acre. The first settlement was made by David Hudson, in 1799. Mr. Hudson came up the lake with some hired men, in an open boat, to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, then up the Cuyahoga into Boston township. When he thought he was in range of the township of Hudson, the party landed and went in search of their wilderness home. They struck off in a southeasterly direction and got into the southwest part of the township, a little south of where Henry Deacon now lives, where they settled down and commenced work. They built a shanty to shelter them from the storms, and went

to chopping and clearing land for a fall crop. They underbrushed about ten acres, girdled the standing timber, and sowed it to wheat that fall, of which they raised a good crop. They next built a log house, 16 by 18, I should think, for I have been in it a great many times.

The company consisted of David Hudson, Joseph Darrow, Geo. Darrow, William McKinney, Theodore Lacey, Elijah Nobles, George Pease, and some others. About the last of July, Thaddus Lacey and Joseph Darrow commenced surveying the township of Hudson, and about the middle of October David Hudson started back to the east after his family, from whence he returned in the year 1800, in company with Samuel Bishop, Joel Gaylord, Aaron Norton, Dr. Moses Thompson, William Leach, Heman Oviatt, and Stephen Perkins, who all settled near the center of the township, except Mr. Oviatt, who settled one mile south of the center, where he built a log house near to where there is a big elm tree standing to mark the spot. That tree has grown up since my remembrance; it stands about twenty-five or thirty rods north of R. P. Ellsworth's old house. George Darrow located on what is now called Darrow street, south of Hudson, and Dr. Thompson, northwest of Hudson, on the Northampton road, where he lived and died. In the fall of 1800 Dr. Moses Thompson went back east on foot, carrying a pack of provisions on his back to last him through the wilderness. In the spring of 1801 he returned in company with his father, Deacon Stephen Thompson, and

his brothers, Abraham and Stephen, Jr., Whedon and George W. Holcomb his brother-in-law, Bradford Kellogg, came in 1803. William Chamberlain, I think it was in the spring of 1802 that Nathaniel Stone, Theodore Hollenbeck,

Kent's Foremost Citizen.



MARVIN KENT.

Marvin Kent, son of Zenas Kent, was born in Ravenna, Sept. 21, 1816. He became a resident of Kent in 1838, following manufacturing and mercantile pursuits. In 1850 he planned and projected the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad, now a part of the Erie system, being its first president. In 1865, when his father died, he became his successor as president of the Kent National bank. In 1875 he was elected State senator from the Twenty-sixth district of Ohio. In the history of Portage county it is written: "In early days the pioneers devoted themselves to the task of building up a town on the Cuyahoga with remarkable energy; not, however, until the various enterprises were taken hold of by the master hand of Marvin Kent did theories of progress, put forward by the old settlers, assume practical shape. Thus, to his aid and fostering care may properly be ascribed the industrial and commercial prosperity which the pleasant little village bearing his name now enjoys."

John Oviatt, Amos Lusk and Elias Lindley came into Hudson. Zina Post came in 1804; Owen Brown, Benjamin and Joseph Kingsbury came in 1810. The following are the names of a few of the heads of families that first came

to Hudson and their families: David Hudson came in 1799, and in 1810 brought his family of six children—five sons and one daughter—Samuel, Ira, William, Timothy, Milo and Abigail. Ira Hudson married Huldah Oviatt; William married Phebe Hutchinson; Milo married Hannah Roberts; Abigail married Birdseye Oviatt. Samuel Bishop came to Hudson in 1800, and brought five sons and four daughters. Timothy married Rebecca Craig; David married Miss Kennedy; Luman married Rachel Gaylord; Reuben died single; Joseph married Miss Hollenbeck. One of the girls married Stephen Perkins; one Elijah Noble; one Samuel Vale, and one a Hollenbeck. Joel Gaylord came in 1800, and brought with him three sons and four daughters—John, Daniel, Harvey, Sally, Olive, Betsy and Nancy. Sally married Wm. Leach, and afterward a John Ford; she lost one of her legs by stepping on a rusty nail. Olive married George Darrow; Betsy married William McKinley; and Nancy married William Chamberlain.

David Hudson was commissioned a Justice of the Peace by Governor St. Clair, in this Northwest Territory in 1801, before the township was organized. This territory was ceded to the United States by the State of Virginia in 1784, and in 1875 Gen. St. Clair was appointed Governor. The territory included the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin and Michigan.

The first law suit brought before David Hudson, Esq., was by Thaddeus Lacey against Thomas and Daniel Judd, on book account, March, 24, 1801. The

first birth in Hudson was Anna May, daughter of David and Maria Hudson. She was born October 28, 1800, and became the wife of Harvey Baldwin, both now living in the old homestead. The first male child born in Hudson was the son of Wm. and Harvey Leach, born November, 1801. First death in Hudson was that of Ira Nobles, August 23, 1801, aged eight years. The first wedding was that of George Darrow to Olive Gaylord, October 11, 1801. The ceremony was performed by Squire Hudson, and being the first official act of the kind, the Squire was considerably embarrassed, and had to repeat the ceremony over and over to get it right.

The township was organized April 5, 1802. A public meeting was called for the purpose of electing township officers, at which eighteen votes were polled. The names of the voters were D. Hudson, J. Darrow, G. Darrow, Dr. Thompson, T. Lacey, Wm. McKinley, A. Norton, H. Oviatt, E. Sheldon (of Aurora), E. Nobles, S. Bishop, J. Gaylord, A. Thompson, Deacon Stephen Thompson, Robert Walker and Elias Harmon. These constituted the voting population of Stow, Boston, Twinsburgh, Aurora and Mantua, which were all attached for township purposes in 1802. David Hudson was chairman; Thaddeus Lacey was chosen township clerk; Heman Oviatt and Ebenezer Sheldon, trustees; Elias Harmon, poor master; Aaron Norton, fence viewer.

The first school taught in Hudson township was by George Pease, in a log house on the public square, in the center of the township, in the winter of 1801.

The next was in the same house by Miss Patty Fields, in the winter of 1802. Miss Fields was a sister of Judge Norton's wife. The third was in the northwest quarter, near John Oviatt's, by Amy Cannon, of Aurora, who afterwards became the wife of Deacon Spencer, of Aurora.

died in 1808. She was buried with an infant in her arms, and I think was the first adult buried in the township. Mrs. Joel Gaylord, 1800; died '45, aged 74. Samuel Bishop, 1800; died '13, aged 62. Mrs. Bishop died '15, aged 59. Heman Oviatt, 1801; died '55, aged 81. Mrs Oviatt, 1801; died '13, aged 37. Amos

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Reed.



Jas. H. Reed and Miss Terzie Scranton were married in 1835. In '37 they located in Franklin township. Mr. Reed was a veterinary surgeon for 60 years. Their married life of 66 years was terminated by the death of Mr. Reed, Oct. 15, 1901.

ARRIVALS AND DEATHS OF EARLY SETTLERS.

David Hudson came in 1799; died March 17, 1836, aged 76 years. His wife, Maria, died August 31, 1816, aged 55 years. Mrs. Geo. Darrow came in 1800; died in 1845, aged 60. Joel Gaylord came in 1800; died July 24, 1827, aged 74. Owen Brown, 1805; died March 8, 1856, aged 85. Mrs. Brown

Lusk, 1802; died '13; he was captain of a company of militia in the war of 1812,

came home on a furlough, was taken sick and died of an epidemic fever. Eben Pease, Elias Lindley, and some others died with the same fever. Geo. W. Holcomb, 1802; died '47, aged 71. Chauncey Case, 1814; died March 27, '63, aged 75. Mrs. Case died Jan. 23, '67, aged 87.

Robert Walker came in 1801, with four sons—John, James, Robert and George. William Walker built a house in the northeast corner of the township of Stow, in 1803, which was the first one built in the township. At that time the township had not been surveyed into lots. In the spring of 1803 Robert Walker and David Hudson were elected

O'Brien came in 1802; died '31, aged 82. Harry O'Brien came in 1802; married in 1804; died July 15, '52, aged 71. Sally, his wife, died August 11, '57, aged 79. Marmaduke Deacon came in 1805; died June 9, '30, aged 67; his wife, Mary, died August 15, 1806, aged 40. Augustus Baldwin came in 1812, as a dry goods merchant. I used to trade with him, and pay him fifty cents for a yard of cotton, three-quarters wide; seventy-five cents for a yard wide; had to work three days for a shirt. Baldwin moved into Franklin township in 1836, and took charge of the Franklin Silk Company's Bank, as cashier, where he was taken sick, and died Oct. 29, '38, aged 50 years. Benjamin Whedon came in 1805, died in 1833, aged 54; his wife died in 1809, aged 43. They had no children, but an adopted son, whom they called John Whedon; he kept a grocery store in Hudson for a long time.

Nathaniel Stone came in 1810; died August 2, '60, aged 75. Sarah, his wife, died June 17, '67, aged 77. Richard Croy came in 1807; died March 9, '52, aged 66. Zenas Kent and wife came in the spring of 1814, and settled on Darrow street; came with a one horse peddling wagon, and some goods. He worked there that summer, at the carpenter and joiner business; his son Henry was born there, in 1814, in a little log house. Mr. Kept kept school that winter. I attended it then, and also in the winter of '15. Heman Oviatt induced Kent to go to Ravenna and put up a store house, and that fall Kent put in six hundred dollars worth of goods that he had on hand. Oviatt put in one thousand dollars

Old-Time Printer.



G. G. GALLOWAY.

Mr. Galloway, who was still living in Chicago in 1894, aged 81 years, was a printer on the Ohio Observer in Hudson in 1832.

Justices of the Peace, and were the first Justices elected by the people. Mr. Walker was kept in that office up to his death, June 11, 1812, aged 74. Elizabeth, his wife, died April 24, 1818. John Walker came in 1801; died Sept. 3, '41, aged 78. George Walker came in 1801; died March 16, '55, aged 62; his wife died March 23, '51, aged 68. Robert

worth, and Kent became the salesman. They carried on the business six years, when they dissolved partnership, and Kent had made eleven thousand dollars out of his six hundred dollars. Col. John Oviatt came to Hudson in 1801; died 1827, aged 75; his wife died 1813. Joseph Darrow came in 1799, and in 1803 was married to Sally Pryor, of Northampton; the first wedding in that township. In 1804, he bought a farm on Darrow street, just over the line in Stow township, where he lived, and died at the good old age of 81 years; Sally, his wife, died May 30, '47. Dr. Moses Thompson came in 1800, and died Nov., 1858, aged 83. John Brown (Ossowatamie), born May 9, 1800; came in 1805; executed at Charleston, Va., Dec., 1859. Dr. Metcalf came in 1812; died 1869, aged 83. George Darrow came in 1799; died Nov. 23, '59, aged 83.

In coming to this country we had to buy our farms and pay for them in hard knocks; make our roads the best we could, and build log bridges across swamps. Our carriages were the plainest kind of ox carts, sleds and stone-boats. In visiting one another we used to get up the oxen, hitch them to the cart, throw in some hay or straw, all get in, and off over stumps, around trees and over log bridges. I never knew of a man being troubled with dyspepsia or heart disease in those days. The first mill built in Hudson was by my father and Stephen Myers, in the fall of 1806; it was a hand mill, and answered a good purpose. Our neighbors used to come in to grind, and kept the little mill a hum-ming. I have one of the mill stones

now to look at. Before this, we had to go to Newburg to mill, and carry the grain on horse-back, as there were no roads so we could go with a cart. It would take a day to go down, about twenty miles, stay there a day to get it ground, and the next day go home, all the way through the woods.

After all the hardships and privations we enjoyed life when we had enough to eat, and the greatest friendship and harmony existed among neighbors. If one had provisions, he would divide with his neighbor, almost to the last mouthful. We used to get together at some school house and have meetings, all parties and no distinction of parties; all harmony and peace until the sectarians and lawyers come among us, who created parties and strife, and destroyed a good deal of the friendship that existed between neighbors.

EARLY TIMES IN HUDSON—THE LOST CHILD.

In 1809, Eben Pease, who lived a little west of the center of Hudson, sent one of his girls, aged eight or nine years, on an errand to Benjamin Oviatt's, about two miles north of the center, where George Bently now lives. She went there, and on coming back, she got off the road, and was lost in the woods. There was a cow-path that led off from the road, and she followed that. As she did not get home at dark, her father got uneasy about her, and started over to Oviatt's, where they told him she had left for home long before night. Mr. Pease went back, and getting no trace of her, he rallied the neighbors, and they ransacked the woods in every direction. They fired off guns and blew

horns till after midnight, but got no trace of her. The next morning they started out again, and about ten o'clock Richard Croy found her lying on an old log, asleep. She was almost exhausted, and looked very wild. She said, when she got off the road into the woods, she tried to find her way, ran, hallooed and cried, going from instead of towards home, with no one to hear her lamentations. She had wandered about three miles in a southerly direction.

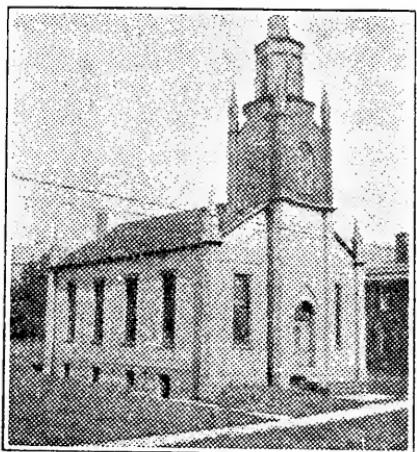
THE BURNING OF BELINDA STONE.

Nathaniel Stone came to Hudson in 1810, and bought the farm that John Ellsworth now occupies. In 1824 he sold out, and bought where his son, Roswell Stone, now lives, where he built a log house. In the year 1845 his house got on fire in the dead of night, when all were asleep. His son, Charles, and daughter, Belinda, slept up stairs. The stairs were near the fireplace, and when they awoke the stairway was all in flames, and the chamber was so full of smoke they could hardly breathe. Charles called his sister, and they started for a window, where he got out and escaped, but his sister was suffocated, and, falling down inside, she burned to death. She was twenty-two years old.

HEMAN OVIATT AND THE INDIANS.

Of the Indians who formerly lived about Hudson, there were three tribes, viz: the Senecas, Ottawas and Chippewas. The Senecas had their headquarters in the southeast part of Streetsboro, on the Cuyahoga River; the Ottawas near the mouth of the Little Cuyahoga, and in the summer time a great

many of them used to come up and camp around Wetmore Pond, in Stow township. The Chippewas lived farther south, near Seville, in the southern part of Medina county, and about Chippewa Lake, in Wayne county, which derives its name from these Indians. Heman Oviatt had his residence about one mile



KENT DISCIPLE CHURCH.

This edifice was erected in 1853-'54, through the efforts of the late S. S. Clapp.

south of Hudson, where, in early days he traded with the Indians, buying their furs, skins, etc. When he got enough to make two bales, he would load them on a horse across a pack-saddle, and take them to Pittsburg, which was the nearest market at that time. At Pittsburg he would buy two ten gallon kegs of whisky, with which to make a return load for the pack-horse, then with a bundle of dry goods, such as blankets and shawls, also powder, lead and a great many Indian trinkets, with a bundle behind him on

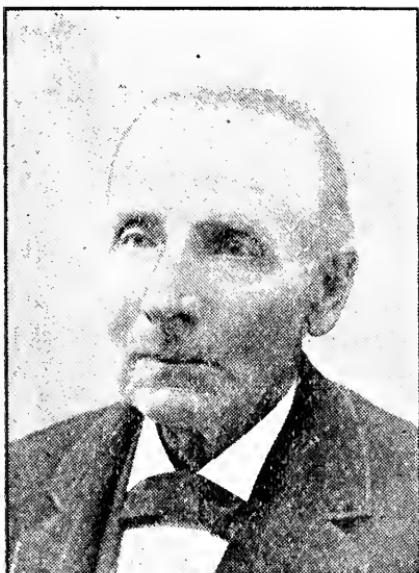
the horse, he would start for home, through the woods. He used to sell the Indians half a pint of whisky for a coon skin, which was worth three or four shillings, and a pint of whisky for a buck skin, worth from seventy-five cents to a dollar; four quarts of whisky for a bear skin, worth from three to five dollars. The Indians thought he cheated them and did not like to trade with him. They called him Coppaqua: they liked to trade with Coppaqua's squaw; she would give them little presents and a little whisky, and she could cheat them worse than Coppaqua could, and they would think it all right. She got so she could talk Indian almost as good as they could. The Oviatts traded with the Indians till the war of 1812, when the Indians all left the country. Oviatt made himself rich out of the Indians, and before they left he built a still-house, I think in 1808, and got the whisky running that fall. He got Richard Redden, from Hiram, to run the still, and after several years sold out to his father-in-law, George Kilburn, who turned it into a tannery. Oviatt made all he could, and then cried out, "vanity and vexation of spirit, for whisky is the root of all evil!"

THE GREAT ECLIPSE — INDIANS — CROPS.

In the summer 1806 was a great eclipse of the sun, which took place on the 17th day of June. It was so dark you could not distinguish a neighbor ten rods off; chickens and birds went to roost. The eclipse commenced about eleven o'clock a. m., and went off at one p. m. The Indians were very much frightened. They knew nothing of it

till it came on, and thought it was the Bad Spirit which had got at war with the Good Spirit. They formed themselves into a ring and marched around, and when they came to a certain spot would fire at the Bad Spirit. Just as the

One of the Pioneers.



RUEL L. SHIRTLIFF.

Mr. Shirtliff was born Oct. 27, 1816, in Hampden co., Mass., and came to Franklin township March 6, 1818. He died Feb. 12, 1900, after a residence here of 82 years.

sun came out one of them fired, and they made him a chief for his bravery.

The day of the eclipse was a beautiful, warm day: we were hoeing corn the second time, with only shirt and pants on, but after the eclipse was off the weather was so much colder that we had to put on our vests and coats to

workin. There were frosts every month that summer; no corn got ripe, and the next spring we had to send to the Ohio River for seed corn to plant.

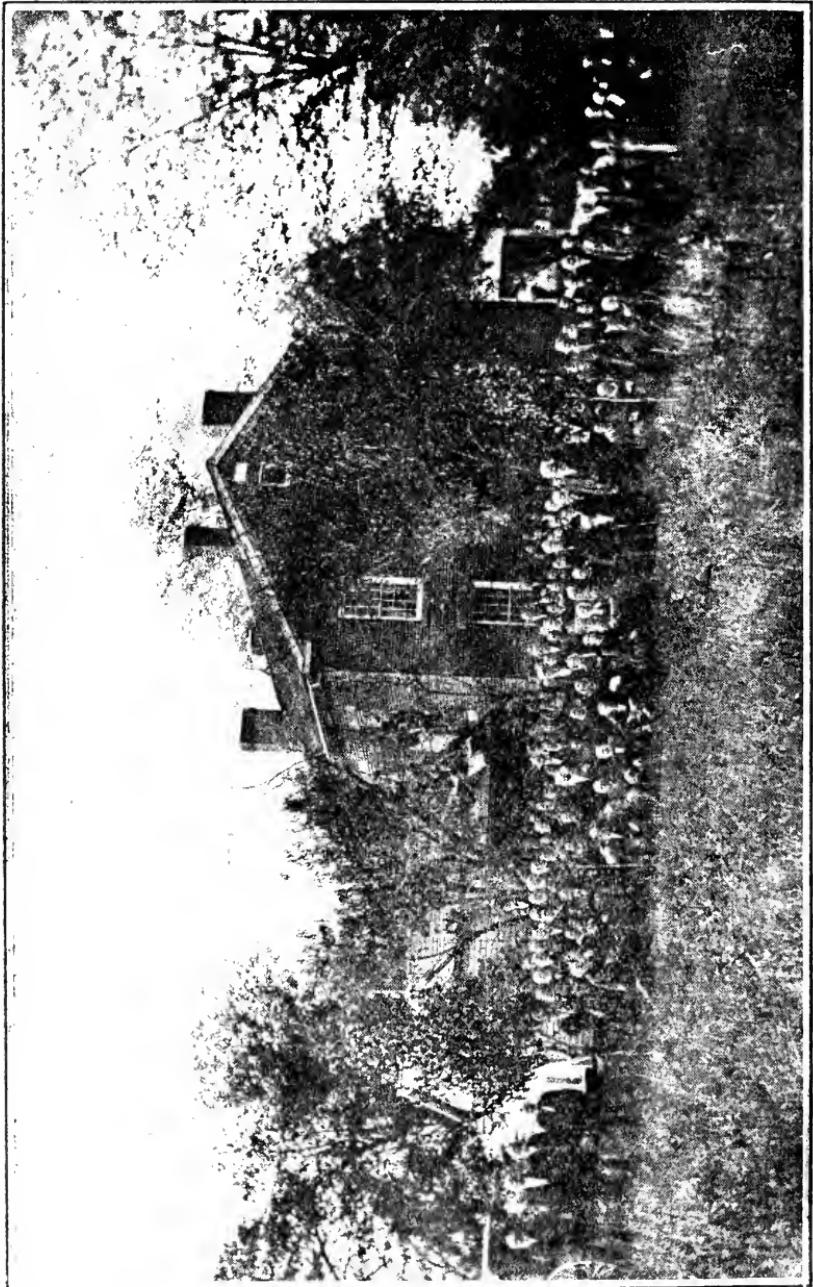
The next summer was the hardest time I ever saw. There was no grain in the country. My father and Adam Nighman went to Georgetown on the Ohio River, for flour; they had no money, but took a rifle and pledged it for flour, and I guess they never redeemed the rifle.

BRADY'S LEAP.

I saw an article in the Press, entitled "Brady's Leap Corrected," written by Gen. L. V. Bierce, of Akron, in which I thought there was room for correction. There must be some error, for of the various accounts that I have seen, no two of them agree as to the distance across the chasm where it was said that Brady leaped. Some gave it at 27 feet, some at 25 and some at 22. I will now give you my view of the matter: I crossed the bridge that was thrown over the river about ten feet below where it was said Brady jumped across, on the 10th day of May, 1804, and at that time it was a dismal looking place. It was just as the God of Nature had made it, with the exception of the bridge. The distance between the shelving rocks could not vary very much from 21 feet. The hemlocks from either side mingled their tops together, and it was about 25 feet from the bridge down to the water. It was a dismal place, indeed. The Hudson people and the Ravenna people got together and threw a bridge across at that place, in the fall of 1803. This was the first bridge

ever thrown across the Cuyahoga River. They ran a road from Hudson to Ravenna that fall, crossing on that bridge, and that was the first east and west road ever traveled in this section of the country. It was not all underbrush when I came through on the 10th of May, 1804. I was well acquainted with the men who built the bridge. From Hudson, there was David Hudson, Esq., Joel Gaylord, George Darrow, Joseph Darrow and Wm. McKinley. From Ravenna, "Jack" Wright, Thomas Wright, Robert Bell and some others. I have heard them speak of it a great many times, and none of them ever called it more than 21 feet between the points of the rocks. I have never measured it, but took their word, and I should think it did not vary a foot from that distance across. I was well acquainted with the place. The Haymakers built a mill below, where Kent's mill now stands, and I used to go to mill there. They got the mill running in the fall of 1808. I recollect one circumstance that occurred which made me examine the place more particularly. The Haymakers had a yoke of oxen, and one of them was blind of an eye. He was feeding along the river, near the end of the bridge, with his blind side toward the river, and tumbled off the shelving rocks into the stream below. It was, as I have said above, about 25 feet down to the water, and the water was about eight or ten feet deep where he fell. Frederick Haymaker's wife saw him tumble in, and she gave the alarm, and they got him out. I used to go to see the place where he fell off, and should think

FIRST MEETING OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION AT CHRISTIAN CACKLER'S OCT. 20, 1874.



First Meeting of Pioneer Association.

From the Kent Courier, April 22, 1904.

The COURIER presents herewith, through the courtesy of C. C. Cackler, a most interesting photograph, interesting because it shows a gathering of many of the pioneers of this section, nearly all of whom have long since passed to the great beyond.

It was taken by James Wark, now of Marion, O., at the home of Christian Cackler, the author of the history now running in the columns of the COURIER.

The occasion was the gathering of the pioneers on the day of the first meeting of the Pioneer Association at Mr. Cackler's home, October 20, 1874.

The members of the association who appear in the photogragh are :

FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.

Yale Russell and wife,
Seneca Green and wife,
Joseph Stratton and wife,
James Haymaker and wife,
Mrs. John Reed,
Mrs. Jacob Day,
James Cuthbert,
A. M. Sherman and wife,
Elisha Burnett (and drum),
Frederick Nighman and wife,
Mrs. Betsy DePeyster,
Mr. Kendrick and wife,
James Woodard and wife,
William Bassett and wife,
John Dewey and wife,
Mrs. Mary Ferry,
Mrs. Frederick Dewey,
Mrs. Hall,
Joseph Norton and wife,
Dr. L. W. Crittenden,
Mrs. Clarisa Olin,
John Gardner and wife,
Robert Morris,
Mrs. Austin Williams,
Luther Parmelee and wife,
P. W. Bard and wife,
Harman Bradley,

Mrs. Mary Wilcox,
Mrs. Priscilla Spooner,
John Perkins,
Solon Gilson and wife,
George Dewey,
William Stiuaff,
Curtis DeForst and wife,
Homer W. Hart and wife,
Warren Burt and wife,
Freeman Underwood and wife,
Mrs. S. E. Blake.

STREETSBORO.

Samuel Olin and wife,
'Squire Russell,
Mr. Bartholomew and wife,
John Tucker and wife,
Albert Doolittle and wife,
Harvey Baldwin and wife,
George Bradley,
Mrs. Peck,
Mrs. John Foster,
Mrs. John Myers,
Mrs. Lydia Wood.

HUDSON.

Stephen Myers and wife,
Wm. Myers,
Mrs. Hassett,
Frederick Baldwin and wife.
Harvey Baldwin and wife,
Lora Case and wife,
Edwin Dewey and wife,
Wm. Darrow and wife,
Sylvester Thompson and wife,
Harvey Dakin.

BRIMFIELD.

John Boosinger,
Peter Cackler and wife,
Captain Sherman and wife,
Lida Underwood and wife,
Oliver Sawyer.

STOW.

Henry Wetmore and wife,
Maxwell Graham and wife,
William Graham and wife,
Betsy Lappin,
Robert Stewart and wife.

AURORA.

Mrs. Polly Kennedy,
Ely Cannon and wife.

CUYAHOGA FALLS.

George Dailey and wife,
Andrew Dailey and wife.

the shelving rocks hung over the water on the west side ten feet or more at the place where it was said Brady jumped across. But on the west side, from where he jumped, the rocks were about three feet higher than where he alighted, there being a dish or depression in the rocks to about that depth, three feet. I used to live in the south part of Hudson township, called Darrow street. In early days the Tawa tribe of Indians used to travel that road very much, going to Captain Oviatt's to trade, he at that time keeping a trading post one mile south of the center of Hudson. The headquarters of this tribe was at the outlet of what is called the Stow or Wetmore Pond, Stow being 3 in the 10th range of townships. One day some of these Indians came there to get some bread. He noticed that one of them looked very different from the rest, he having light blue eyes and sandy whiskers, and was able to talk a little English. In conversation with him, he learned the following items of his past history: He was living with a family near Pittsburg when a boy five or six years old. One day five Indians came to the house and killed all but himself. They then stole some horses, strapped him on behind one of the Indians, and in this condition he was brought into this country. He said when he was grown up, he went back to hunt up some of his relatives. He found some of them still alive, and after staying around a short time, he came back to the Indian life again, giving as his reason that the white man had to work, work, work, but the Indian did not. He married a

squaw, (and at the time of this conversation) in the summer of 1806 or '07, he had two papooses.

As near as I could ascertain, he was taken prisoner in 1790 or '91, about the same time that Brady had his fight with this same tribe of Indians, near the Wetmore Pond. Brady, being whipped in this fight, fled. The Indians, knowing he would cross the Cuyahoga where the old Indian trail crossed which ran from the Ohio River to Sandusky, sent some of their fleetest runners to head him off there. They reached the crossing first. When Brady came up and saw that he was headed off, he started down the river. They could have shot him then, but being desirous of taking him prisoner, started after him. When he had reached the narrows of the river, he discovered that they had cut him off from below, also, and were closing in upon him from all sides, so that there was only one chance for life; he quickly took that one, that of jumping the chasm of the river, which has ever since been called Brady's Leap. As he was climbing up the opposite bank, they shot him in the thigh. The Indians had to go down the river to the nearest crossing, where Kent's mill now stands, and come up on the other side. This gave Brady some time the start of them. They tracked him by the blood from his wound, to what has ever since been called Brady's Lake, in the eastern part of Franklin township, about a mile and a half from where they wounded him after he jumped across the river. Upon coming to the lake, he swam down to a point where a large tree had fallen into

the water, beneath which he secreted himself, and remained until his savage pursuers left, when he made his escape.

The old Indian trail running from the Ohio to Sandusky crossed the Cuyahoga near what is called the standing stone, near where the water enters the gorge of rocks in Franklin township. I saw this standing stone in the fall of 1804. At this time there were two trees on the top of the rock, one of them a hemlock, about 12 inches in diameter; the other one a small pine. The rock, at this time, was from 16 to 18 feet across the top, and about half as large at the bottom, having been worn away by the action of the water below. The top of the rock was higher than the banks on either side, and covered all over with huckleberry bushes and moss. This rock stood about ten feet from the west bank. The Indians had felled a small sapling from the shore to the rock, forming what was called an Indian ladder, and by this means could climb on to the rock. It was a custom among them, that whenever a family passed here, they would climb on this rock and fasten to the hemlock a piece of bark pointing in the direction that they had gone, so that others following them could tell in what direction to find them. There were a good many pieces still sticking to the tree when I saw it.

I got more information from an old lady who used to live in Springfield, and who afterwards moved to Streetsboro, and lived as a near neighbor to me, about Samuel Brady, than from any one else. She was a full cousin to him. She was the wife of Abraham

DeHaven. She said she was well acquainted with "Samuel," as she called him; that he used to live above Pittsburgh on what was called Crumb Creek; that he was a very stout, muscular man, very active, and did not appear to be afraid of anything. She thought it was in 1790 that the Indians used to come to that settlement, and kill a family or two, steal some horses, and get what plunder they could, and then clear out. Samuel Brady raised a company of men and followed them. I think she said he had three scrapes with them. It is a little singular that it has been stated that John Haymaker and Jacob Stough were personally acquainted with and personal friends of Brady, and he never told them at what period or date this chase took place. I have not seen any dates given by any one who has written on this subject, therefore I think Mrs. DeHaven is right about the date. I also think so from other circumstances which corroborate her statement.

In order to give you some idea of how the Indians became so hostile and savage towards our people, I should like to take you back to early times, as early as 1776, when we declared ourselves free from our mother government. This vexed England very much, and in order to quickly reduce her children to subjection and obedience, she employed the Indians to assist her. She encouraged them by giving them five dollars for every scalp they could take from her subjects, and furnished them with all implements of war. The Indians pitched in with all their fury, and killed and scalped a great many of our people for

the bounty. The mother called herself a civilized and Christian people, and yet gave the wild Indians five dollars for every scalp taken from her children, just as we used to pay for the scalps of wolves that killed our sheep and calves. If that was a Christian spirit, God forbid; the devil can do no wrong. But the war lasted seven long years, and by the help of France, we made her acknowledge our independence in 1783. But the Indians still continued their warfare till 1785, when we made a treaty of peace with them, and bought a large tract of land of them, which lay west of the Ohio River. I think it extended as far west as the Cuyahoga waters. About that time there came in some clusters of families on the east side of the Ohio, in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and General Putnam commenced a settlement at the mouth of the Muskingum, on the west side of the Ohio, where Marietta now stands. It was the first settlement made in Ohio; but at that time it was called the North-West Territory. The North-West Territory was ceded to the United States by the State of Virginia, in 1784. It was situated west of the Ohio River, and contained what are now known as the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

In the spring of 1788 the Indians became dissatisfied with the treaty, and again took up the tomahawk, and became as savage as ever. General Rufus Putnam built a block-house to shelter his people from them, but they would cross the Ohio, kill a family or two, and steal horses, and get back across the

river, where they felt themselves all safe. But the States of Virginia and Pennsylvania employed a parcel of young men as spies or sharpshooters, to look out for them when they came over, and to give the alarm to the inhabitants, upon which all would flee to the block-house for protection. This block-house was located in Green county, Penn., on Wheeling Creek, about twenty-five miles from Wheeling, Va. In the fall of 1790, John Crow, Martin Crow, Frederick Crow, John Williams and Martin Wetzel had camped out, and some Indians came over the river and happened on their camp when they were absent from it. The Indians secreted themselves near by, and waited till towards evening, when they came in. Four of them came in together and as they were entering their shanty the Indians fired upon them, killing John Williams, breaking Frederick Crow's arm, and making bullet holes in the clothing of the others. The three not killed immediately sprang into the woods and ran in different directions. Martin Crow said he ran by a big tree behind which a big Indian was standing, who fired upon him, sending a ball through his ear, the muzzle of the rifle being so near his head that the flame scorched his hair. He ran until he came to a small stream, across which he attempted to leap, but the stream being wider than he supposed, he jumped into the water and fell down, wetting his gun and clothes; he scrambled up and ran on. Having run a short distance, he looked back and saw the Indian standing on the bank of the stream where he

had jumped from. He saw the Indian lay down his gun, and taking his tomahawk in his hand, run down stream to a shallow place, cross over and give chase. Crow put for a big hill which was not far off. As he was going up this hill he again looked back, and saw that the Indian was gaining on him; he therefore stopped, laid down his gun, and began hurling stones down upon his merciless pursuer. He could throw a stone almost as straight as he could shoot, and when a stone would go whirling down the hill the Indian would dodge behind a tree. He in this way kept him in check a short time, and when he could gain a moment's time he would prick powder into his gun, and when the Indian came out from behind a tree he would point his gun at him, and so drove him off. Crow then went on up the hill, unloaded and re-loaded his gun, and hearing the dog bark which was out with his brother, John Crow, who had not returned to camp with the rest of the party, he started for him, but did not find him. About dark he heard the cracking of guns down at camp, so he changed his course to that in which he supposed the others had gone. A little after dark, in the hope of being heard by some of his companions, he hooted like an owl, and then howled like a wolf, and soon heard an answer from one of them. In this way the three got together again. Finding Frederick Crow's arm broken, they set it as well as they could, and sent him home. The other two next morning went back to camp, where they found John Williams and John Crow

dead and scalped, the latter having been shot just at dark, as he was coming alone to camp.

The next spring on Easter Sunday in April, 1791, four of the Crow girls started from home to Ryason's station, or block-house. It being a warm, pleasant day, they thought they would go up to the station. Having proceeded about half way, they met their brother, Michael, on horseback. It was their custom to send Michael two or three times a week up to the station to get the news. When he met the girls he tried to persuade them to go back home, but the girls thought they had got so far on the way they would go the whole distance. About twenty rods farther on there lay a large rock by the side of the road. When three of the girls reached this, three Indians stepped out from behind it and stopped them. The youngest girl, Tenah by name, was about fifteen rods behind them, and saw them stopped by the Indians, whom, however, she mistook for negroes. Upon walking up to them, she now discovered her mistake. The Indians marched them up a hill nearly a mile distant, and stopped. Here they held a council as to the disposition of the girls. The girls, believing the Indians intended to kill them, also held a council among themselves, and agreed to all start at once and run in different directions, thinking that as there were four of them and but three of the Indians, some of them might get away. They accordingly started, and Tenah said she had run but a short distance when a tomahawk struck her in the back and knocked her down upon her hands

and knees. She got up, and looking back, saw one of her sisters having a wonderful tussle with an Indian. She ran a short distance to a hollow in the side of the hill, down which she went to the road, and so home, where she told the news. Some men soon collected for pursuing the Indians, and rescuing the other three girls. But there was not force enough collected until next morning, then a search was made, and two of the girls were found lying on the ground, dead and scalped, the other was missing. Upon further search, a trail of blood was found, which was followed, and soon they found the missing girl lying on the ground, and yet alive. They took her home and she lived nine days in an utterly insensible condition. Tenah Crow, the one that escaped, and who was at the time of the adventure I have just narrated, ten years of age, married a Mr. John McBride, moved to Ohio and raised a large family. She lived in Noble county. In the year 1845 I went down there and had an interview with her on this subject, which refreshed my memory.

In 1802-3 there used to come to our house a man by the name of George Tush, and tell over his troubles. He said he lived about four miles from Crow's, on a farm. One day he and his wife stood out in the yard leaning against the fence, and looking at their hogs, when an Indian crept up and shot him through the breast, and he fell down. His wife ran into the house to her three children, and fastened the door, but three Indians came up to it, split it down, and got in after some

time. While they were working at the house, he got up, crawled away and hid himself, but saw the Indians take his wife and children away. After they were out of sight, he crawled off to a neighbor's, about a mile away, where he got some men to go after his family and the Indians. They went and found where the mother and her children had all been killed and scalped. The Indians went to another farm, stole two horses and made good their escape. Tush frequently came to our house, told over his story and would cry like a child. The wound in his breast was always a running sore.

In 1800 my sister married Martin Crow, above mentioned as being shot through the ear. I lived with them most of the time for three years, and often heard him tell over these stories, and I never forgot them.

In the fall of 1791, Martin Crow, with twenty others, crossed the Ohio River, thinking to pay the Indians in their own coin. After crossing the river they made a rule not to fire a gun. They traveled on almost a day's journey. As they were going along they saw a big black bear sitting near a laurel thicket, and as they approached him he ran into the thicket. They thought they must have him, so they cut sticks to which they tied their knives, thus making spears of them. Some went round to drive him out, while the others repaired to the place where they thought he was coming out, and as soon as he got out they pitched into him, rough shod, and speared him to death. Martin said the bear was so fat that he could run but

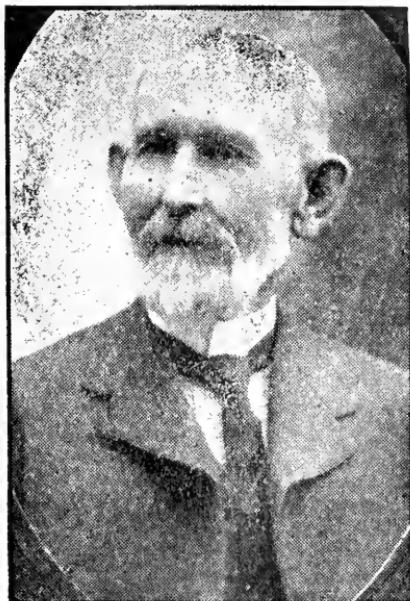
slowly; any of the party could out-run him. They stayed there all night, taking two good meals, supper and breakfast, out of him. The next day they again pursued their course. In the afternoon they struck an Indian trail, which lay along the stream, probably the Big Sandy, south of Canton, which appeared to be very much traveled. On this account they proceeded with caution. In a short time after discovering this trail they came upon a couple of wigwams, which they surrounded, and found two squaws and three papooses. As they closed up the squaws became desperately frightened at seeing so many "shemocamum," as they called the white man. From these squaws Crow and his party tried to find out where the Indians were, in which, however, they did not succeed. The squaws thought they were to be made prisoners, and one of them went into a wigwam and brought out two bridles, and pointed in a certain direction, by which she was understood that the ponies were in that direction. She was given to understand that the ponies were not wanted. The squaws then concluded that they were to be killed, and one of them turned her back to the white men, covered her face with her hands, and stood trembling, evidently expecting to be tomahawked. Previous to this, Crow had sworn vengeance against the Indians, and that he would kill all he could find, either in war or peace; but when he saw that this squaw placed her life in his hands, to take it or not, as he pleased, his feelings changed so much that he could not injure her in the least. After this, the

white men held a council, and determined that if any of the papooses were males they would dispatch them, but no males being found among them, they were all left unharmed. A council was then held as to the best course to pursue, and it was determined to work their way slowly back to the Ohio. They believed there must be many Indians somewhere in that vicinity, too many for their small band to encounter. The next day, as they were proceeding homeward, they saw a bear about two years old, feeding in a hollow. They scattered and surrounded him, and drove him up a big elm tree, the branches of which came out low. The bear climbed one of these branches. One of the party was named Kizzey Hanes. He was made to believe that he could go up and knock the bear off the tree. They helped him up to a branch, and when he had about reached the bear, he began to yell and halloo, with the expectation of frightening the bear so that he would jump to the ground. Instead of this, the bear turned and faced him, and began to come down. Kizzie, seeing there must be a collision between them, began to swing around under the limb, to let the bear pass, and as he came near him, he uttered a scream which frightened the bear so that he did jump off, and he came very near falling off with him. Upon reaching the ground, the bear was attacked and killed with the same kind of spears that had been used in the case of the fat bear in the laurel thicket. They feasted heartily upon the flesh, and resumed their journey. Upon reaching the Ohio

River, they learned that Gen. St. Clair had some time before marched from Pennsylvania into the North-Western Territory, that part which is now Ohio, and up the Muskingum about thirty miles, with a force of twelve hundred men, for the purpose of attacking and destroying an Indian village situated there, which served as a sort of headquarters for the Indians in their marauding expeditions to the east side of Ohio, into Pennsylvania and Virginia. To meet this invading force of St. Clair's the Indians had collected at this place all their warriors from the surrounding country, which accounted to Crow and his party for their not finding any Indians, and also served to explain the meaning of the squaws attempt to tell them which way they had gone. Information respecting this expedition of St. Clair's was given me by a soldier named Troop, who served under him. The village which St. Clair set out to destroy was situated near Fort Johnson. Upon approaching the village, instead of marching directly in and taking it as he might have done, St. Clair encamped at some distance, and commenced throwing up fortifications, thus giving the Indians time to send out runners, and bring in many hundred warriors. The next morning they began to come in, at one time five hundred of them coming in a body. In the afternoon they began firing on the fortified camp of St. Clair, keeping up an incessant fire from all directions until nightfall. During the night all was silent, not a gun being fired. The next morning, at the break of day, they opened on

him again and soon drove him from his camp. He thereupon retreated to the Ohio, losing in the battle and on the retreat nine hundred of his men.

It will thus be seen that about 1790 hostilities were most actively carried on between the Indians and the whites, in the vicinity of Ohio. And it was on the 4th of November, 1791, that Gen. St. Clair, who, we may remark, was the first governor of the North-Western Ter-



C. C. CACKLER.

Son of Christian Cackler, author of "Recollections of an Old Settler."

ritory, and who commissioned David Hudson as a justice of the peace in 1801, before the township of Hudson was organized, or the State of Ohio admitted into the Union, was so terribly defeated near Fort Jefferson. It is therefore

probable that Brady's leap occurred in one of these years, and as Mrs. De-Haven's testimony is in favor of 1790, the greater probability is in favor of that year.

JOHN BROWN.

Having read the biography of John Brown, by one Redpath, and believing it to be false, I will now give a few facts coming under my own personal knowledge.

John Brown was born May 9, 1800, and came with his father into Hudson township in 1805. I became acquainted with him when a mere boy, and knew him for forty years or more. I have often worked for his father in haying and harvesting during that time. John was married to a young lady by the name of Lusk, in 1827, and came into Franklin township in 1835. He bought eighty acres of land, and surveyed it out into lots, expecting to build up a city right away. This land was purchased of Frederick Haymaker, and afterward known as Porter Hall's estate, upon a part of which the car shops of the A. & G. W. R. R. are built in Kent. I worked for John, building turnpike roads to the amount of \$300. He borrowed all the money he could of different parties, and then, in 1840, failed in business, and a large amount of those debts are still unpaid. One of my neighbors sold him a yoke of cattle for \$80, and took John's note for them. The note was still unpaid at the time John was hung at Harper's Ferry, Va. John owned eighty acres of land in the northeast corner lot in Hudson township, a man by the name of Daniel Gaylord holding

a mortgage upon it. The mortgage was foreclosed and the land sold at sheriff's sale, and was bought by Amos Chamberlain. John refusing to give possession, armed himself and two sons, taking possession of the big log house as a fort, cutting port holes through between the logs, being determined to hold possession at all hazards. Chamberlain would



MRS. POLLY OWEN.

Mrs. Owen, who is a daughter of Christian Cackler, resides in Cleveland.

turn his stock on the farm to pasture, and John would sally forth and drive them off. This, of course, brought on a war of words, and John sued Chamberlain for trespass. In a letter written to him in June, 1841, John says: "I am making preparations for a long and vigorous prosecution of a tedious,

distressing, wasting, and long protracted war." After several lawsuits, Chamberlain obtained an officer and some men, and went to arrest John, and take possession of his property. John refused to give bonds to keep the peace, and was put in jail until the next morning, and, no one appearing against him, he was released. Just previous to John's arrest, Chamberlain went to the farm to talk with him. They conversed together outside of John's fort, when harsh words and feelings ran high. John turned to one of his sons inside, and ordered him to shoot Chamberlain, but the boy refused. In the year 1842, John went to work for Capt. Oviatt, in Richfield township, in a tannery, Oviatt thinking in this way to get from him an account which John had been owing him in the store for a long time. But he found the longer he kept John the more he owed him. John went from here to Akron, to work for Simon Perkins, who owned large flocks of sheep, and employed John to look after them, and superintend the shearing, sorting and marketing the wool. John, proving to be rather of a smooth fellow, Perkins sent him to Westfield, Mass., and put him into a large wool depot. He was not as successful here as was expected, so Perkins sent him to Europe with about 400,000 pounds of wool to sell. He landed in London, and disposed of part of it. He then went to Belgium, selling some more, but not finding a very good market, he brought part of it back with him. Perkins said John sunk him about \$70,000 in the operation. I knew John a good many years, and nev-

er knew him to succeed in anything he undertook, in a business point of view.

Now for a few incidents to show what he would do to accomplish his purposes.

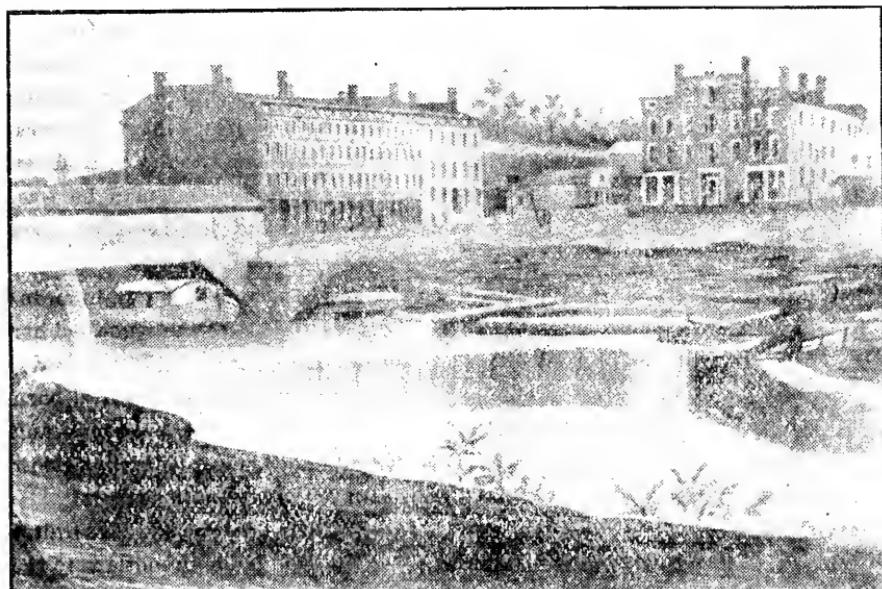
John's mother died in 1800, and in 1810 his father married again to a Miss Root, of Aurora, who was afterwards the mother of three sons, half-brothers to John. He never liked his step-mother, and often had trouble with her. So he laid the following plan to have revenge: He and his younger brother, Salmon, obtained a half pound of powder and put it in the out-house under the seat. They then took a piece of rotten wood, or punk, and tied a string to it and suspended it from the seat in such a way that any person sitting down would loosen the fuse and it would drop into the powder.

Knowing about the time she would be there, they set the rotten wood on fire, and went away. A hired man named Loomis, seeing the boys there, thought there was something going on, went and looked, and spoiled their plan. Having failed in this, John now began to study up the following plan to accomplish his purposes: His father had built a new barn, and John noticed that his step-mother was in the habit of going up on the scuffold to gather eggs. He thought he would experiment again. So he took out the long boards and put short pieces with the ends coming between the joists, and covered them over with straw. This proved successful, for she was thrown to the floor, some fourteen feet, with the short boards falling on her. John's oldest sister heard the noise, and going to the barn,

found her lying insensible and badly hurt. She was taken to the house. When John's father came home and saw how matters stood, he took John into another room and questioned him. Being satisfied who the guilty

clothes, and returned to bed all right. After breakfast his father obtained a cowhide, and took him to the barn, and began to apply the rod of correction in earnest. John would jump at every blow, and howl like a panther. After

A Scene in Kent in 1850.



VIEW OF BUSINESS SECTION, SHOWING OLD CANAL AND COVERED BRIDGE.

Reproduced from an old photo, enlarged by F. E. Poister, and presented to the COURIER by Mrs. W. A. Lee.

one was, he sent him to bed and told him he would settle with him in the morning. John knew pretty well what was coming, so in the night he got up quietly, and went down to the tannery about thirty rods from the house, and took a tanned sheepskin and fitted it around his person nicely, put on his

all was over, he took off his sheepskin, and his own hide was unhurt. The old man found it would never do to keep the boys together, so he sent Salmon to Pittsburg, where he was educated as a lawyer. He went to New Orleans, and died soon afterwards.

It appears that when John was in

England, he fell in company with some Abolitionists, who took him to the battlefield where the Duke of Wellington captured Bonaparte, giving him all the information they could on the subject. When he came home he said he did not respect the laws of our country; neither Congress that made them, nor the President that executed them. He became a perfect outlaw, and would sacrifice home, friends, or his country to gratify his will for the nigger. Redpath says he was equal to either Washington, Cromwell, Moses or Joshua. This comparison I think ridiculous in the extreme and shows lack of knowledge or a depth of ignorance which is to be pitied indeed. Had this man any knowledge whatever of the high and holy purposes which actuated the whole life and being of Washington, he never would have belittled him by placing on a common level with him such men as John Brown. As for Joshua and Moses, men whose lives were tempered by the presence and admonitions of God himself, I know of no trait of character in Brown which in any degree would stand comparison before any enlightened people. For instance, look at his conduct in Kansas,

which gave him the name of Ossowata-mie Brown. John claimed to trace his ancestry back to the landing of the May-flower, in 1620, one Peter Brown, a distant relative of John's, landing in Massachusetts at that time. They being called the Puritan Pilgrim Fathers, John himself claimed to be governed by the principles of this body; such as boring holes through their ears, to make converts of people; or hanging Quakers for opinion's sake, &c. For instance, look at his idea of marching through the whole South and liberating the slaves, with but a few men to start with, showing what a fickle minded man he was, lacking in either judgment or good sense.

The same day he was hung, in an interview with his wife, he requested her to obtain the bodies of his two sons, two sons-in-law, and his own, to burn them, and gather up the bones, and bury them at home. This shows how heathenish were his notions.

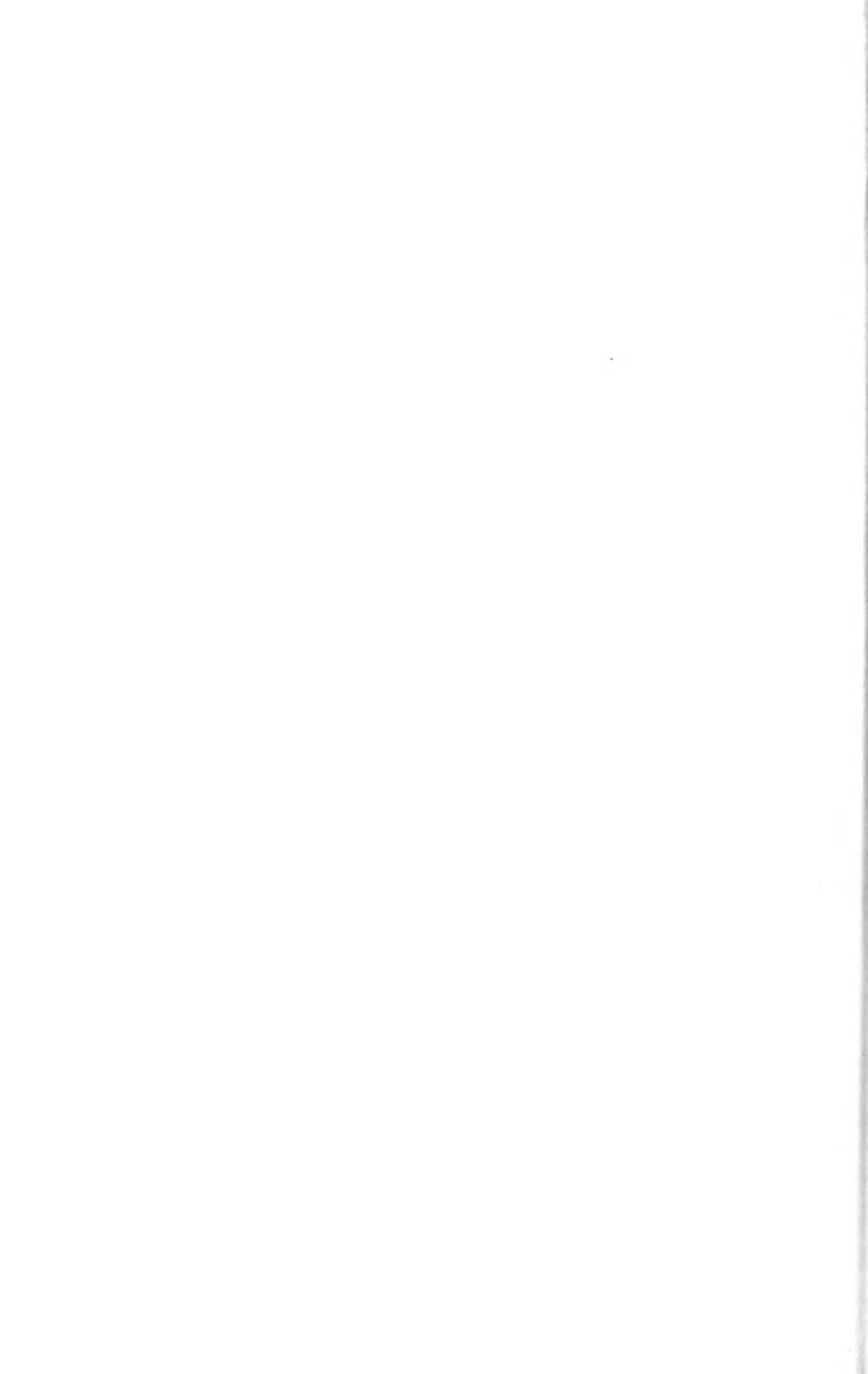
It seems to me that no one but a traitor to his country, and an outlaw to the common cause of humanity, could have ever written such an untruthful account as is found in this book.

OCT 20 1940







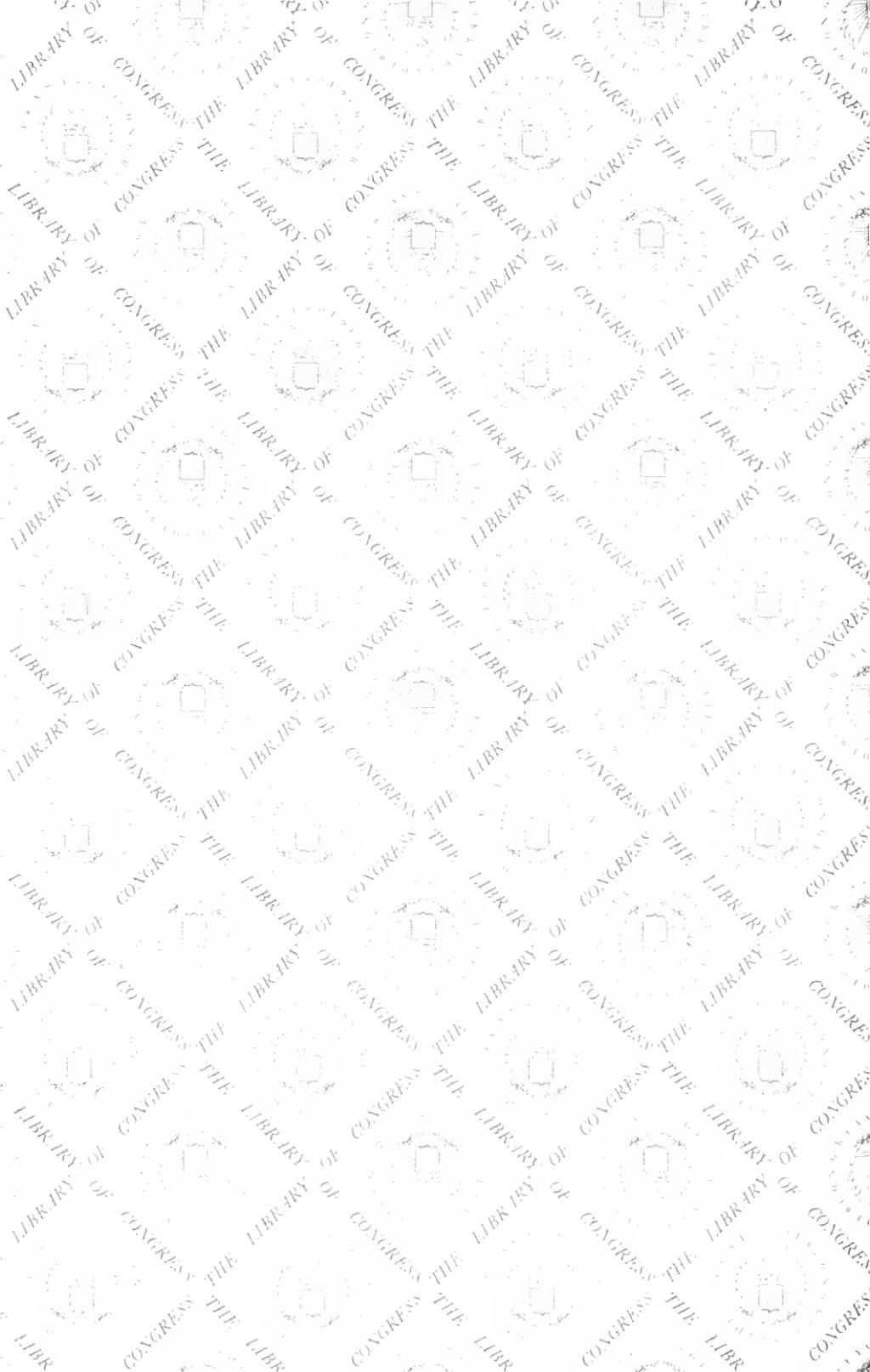


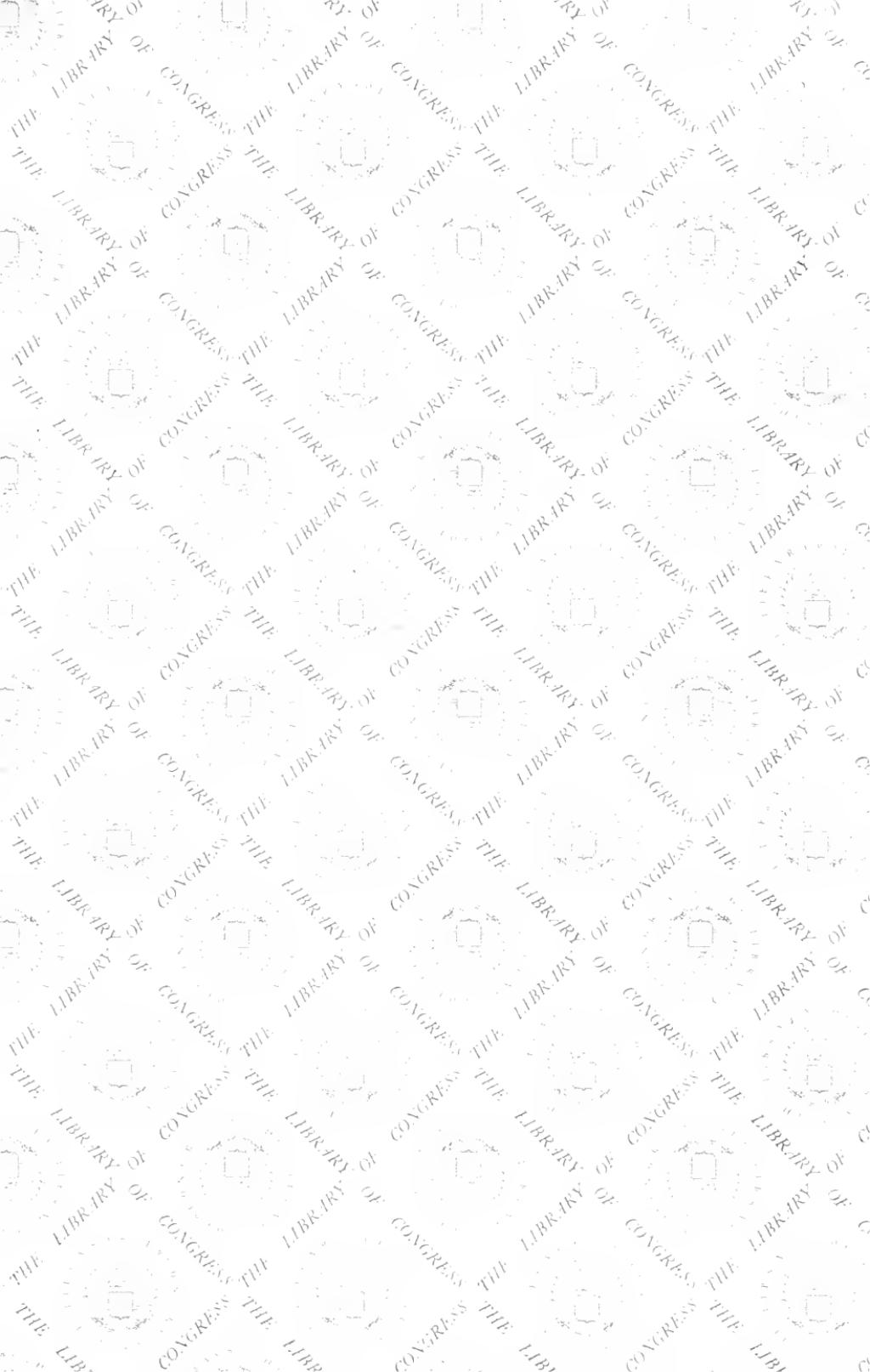












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